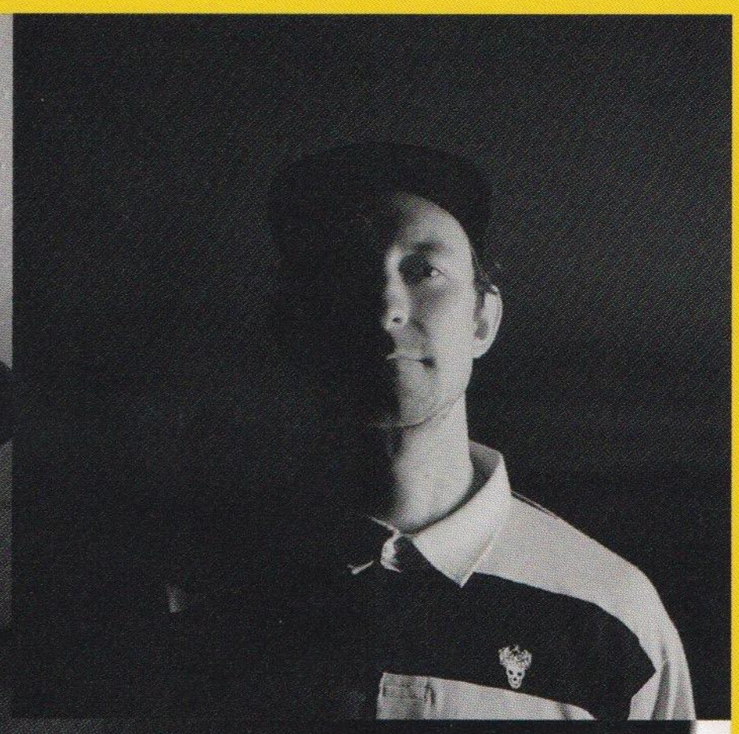
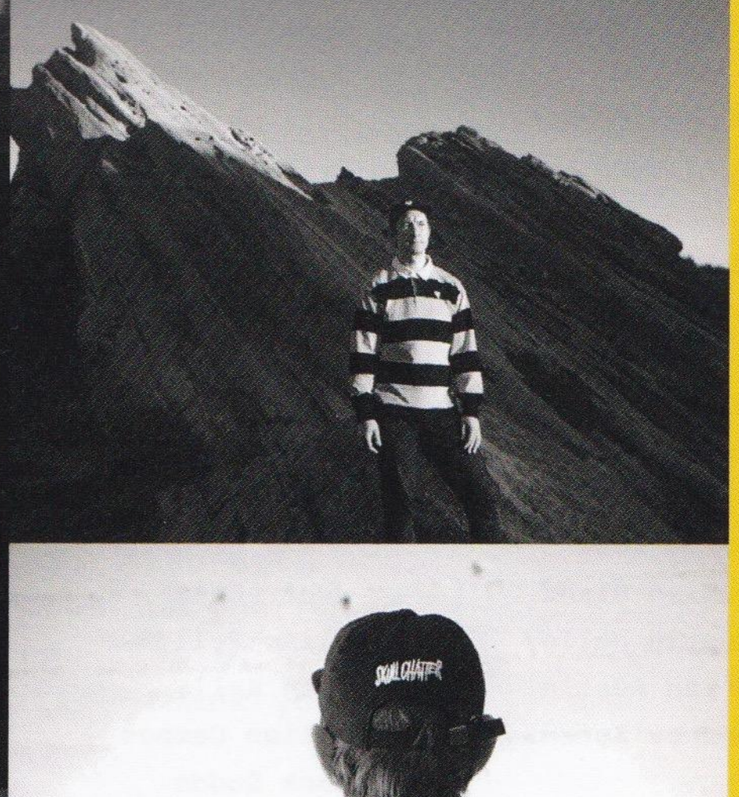
MÜV

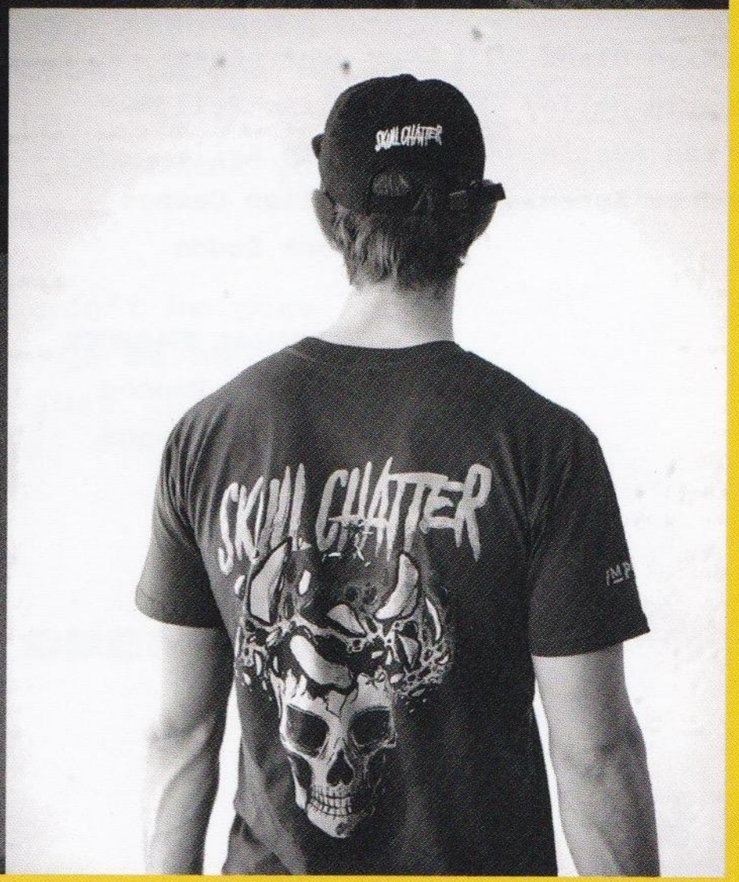
SKILL CHAIN

TEMPESTFREERUNNING.COM

NATE WESTON







NOV.30.2020

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INSIDE A NOISEY MIND

A DEEP DIVE INTO THE MIND OF NATE WESTON
AND THE PROCESS BEHIND SKULL CHATTER

BY

NATE WESTON

The process behind Skull Chatter began when I first moved to LA. I had this pressure on myself. No one else put it on me—I put this pressure on myself to the point that I was not satisfied with my training. In the past, training was my way of completely zoning everything out, call it like meditation or whatever. It just was my way of being one with everything. That's what training has been to me, and that's why I love it so much.

After moving to LA, it seemed like I was not able to tap into that mentality anymore. For some reason, a switch got flipped. It was so frustrating because it sent me into this dark hole, and it felt like I couldn't get out. On one hand, it felt like it was supposed to be the biggest opportunity that I ever had. I'm living in LA. It's a sunny December—not a cold winter like in Seattle or Montana. It was a great thing. Yet, I was feeling the worst I have ever felt, which was ironic. Why is this happening?

It felt like if I kept going down that path, something bad would happen-it was a recipe for disaster. I saw it happening, and I knew that there was an opportunity to work on something bigger than me. The feeling is similar to being in a box and not being able to do anything about it. I wanted to scream, run away, and get out of it. It was this feeling of shit hitting the fan. It felt as though I could never get a leg up to take the next step forward in this stage of my life. Whenever I felt trapped, I just wished that I wasn't feeling that way, which made me feel worse.

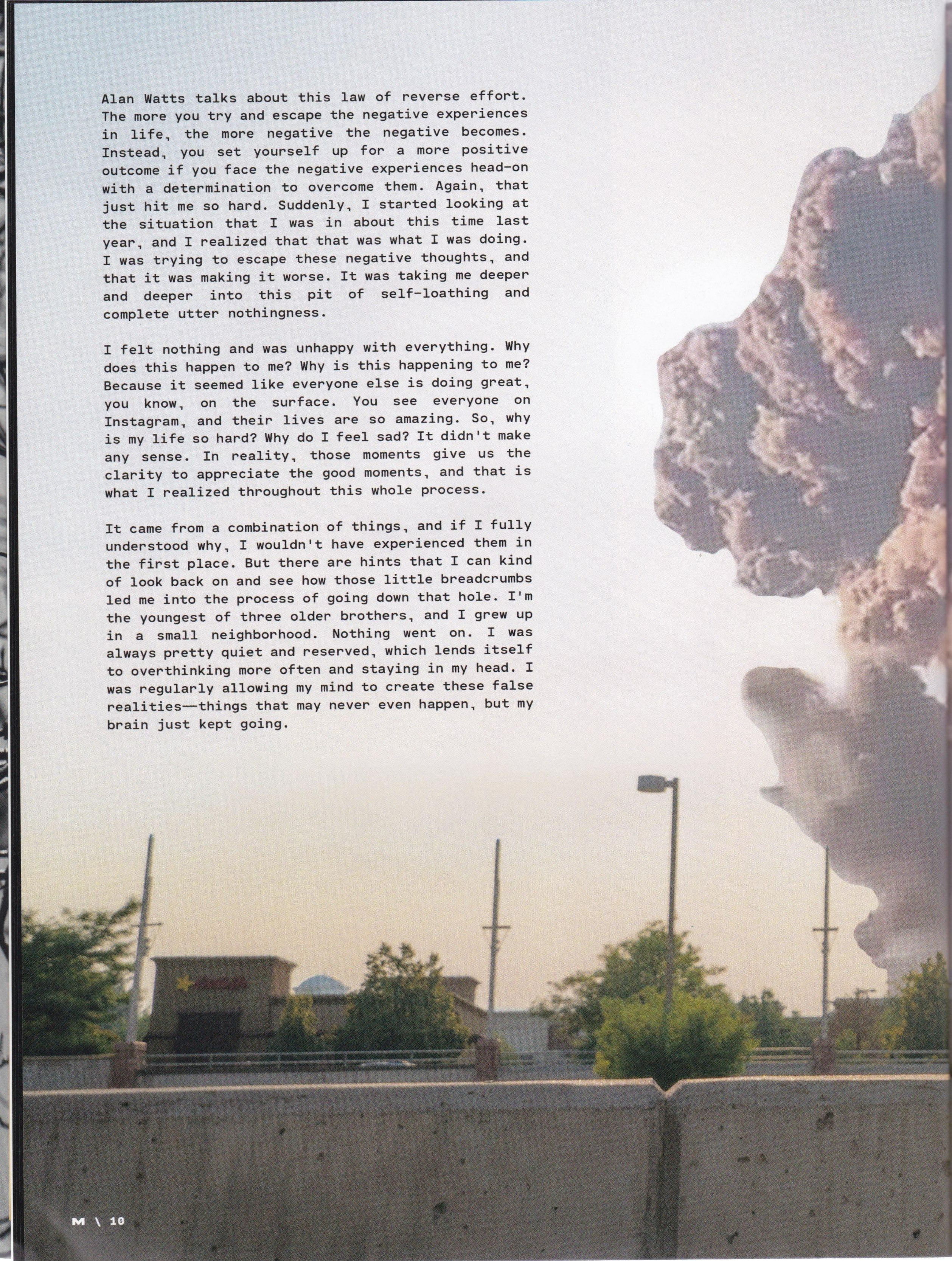
I started listening to Alan Watts when I was in those low moments. He has some amazing words. The quote that stuck with me the most starts off the Skull Chatter film. It's the one about overthinking, how a person who overthinks all the time has nothing to think about except thoughts and, in that, you lose touch with reality. He explained it as chatter in the skull. When he said that, I just felt it in my heart, and I knew that I needed to dedicate some project to these words-this man-for getting me back on track and rediscovering this passion. A passion that I had had ever since I first started training.

Wild
OF

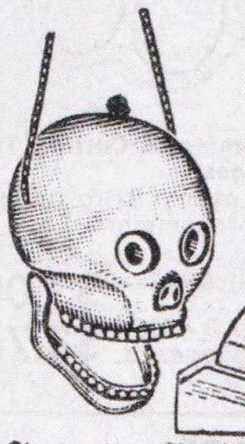
Alan Watts talks about this law of reverse effort. The more you try and escape the negative experiences in life, the more negative the negative becomes. Instead, you set yourself up for a more positive outcome if you face the negative experiences head-on with a determination to overcome them. Again, that just hit me so hard. Suddenly, I started looking at the situation that I was in about this time last year, and I realized that that was what I was doing. I was trying to escape these negative thoughts, and that it was making it worse. It was taking me deeper and deeper into this pit of self-loathing and complete utter nothingness.

I felt nothing and was unhappy with everything. Why does this happen to me? Why is this happening to me? Because it seemed like everyone else is doing great, you know, on the surface. You see everyone on Instagram, and their lives are so amazing. So, why is my life so hard? Why do I feel sad? It didn't make any sense. In reality, those moments give us the clarity to appreciate the good moments, and that is what I realized throughout this whole process.

It came from a combination of things, and if I fully understood why, I wouldn't have experienced them in the first place. But there are hints that I can kind of look back on and see how those little breadcrumbs led me into the process of going down that hole. I'm the youngest of three older brothers, and I grew up in a small neighborhood. Nothing went on. I was always pretty quiet and reserved, which lends itself to overthinking more often and staying in my head. I was regularly allowing my mind to create these false realities—things that may never even happen, but my brain just kept going.



CHATTERING CHARLIE

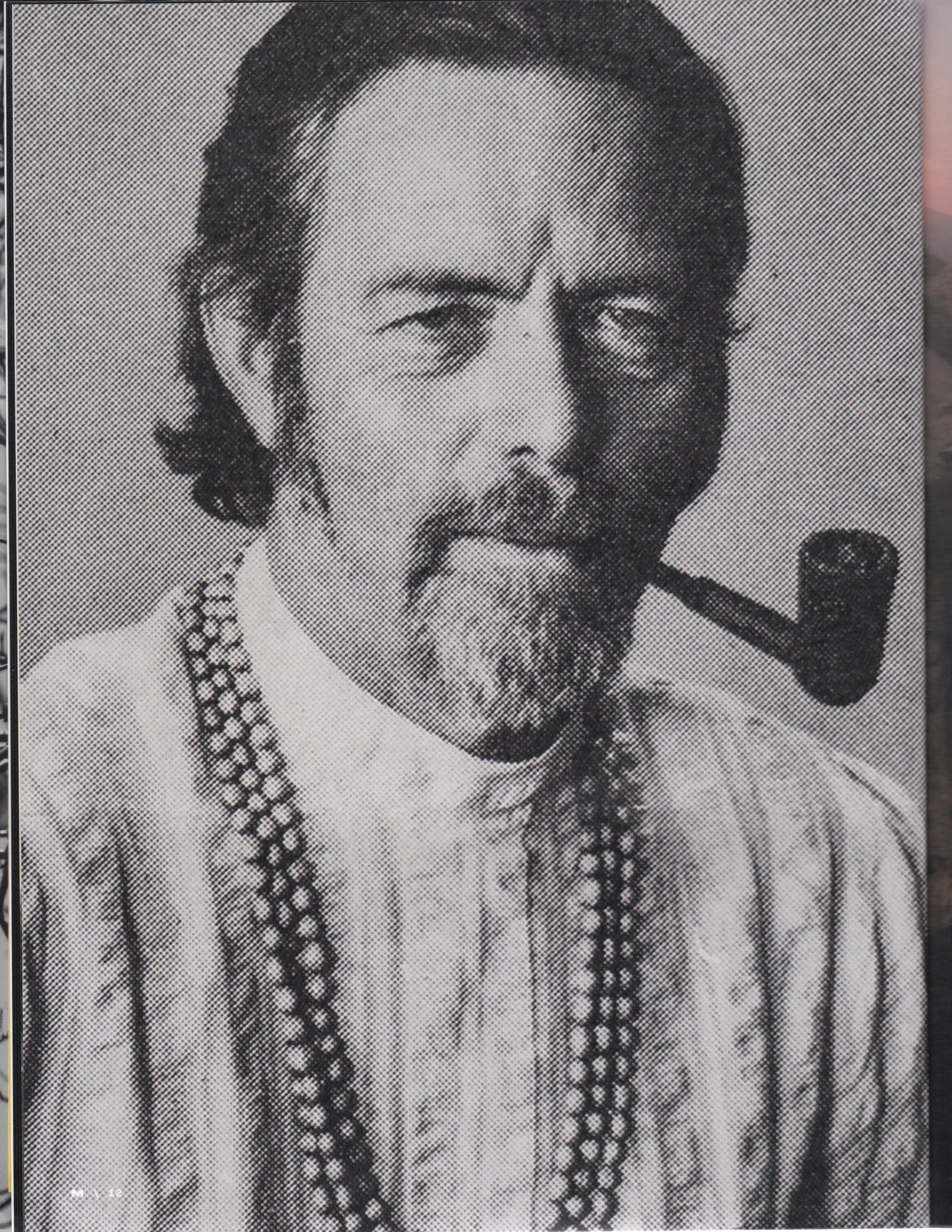


The chattering skull hangs in rear window — chatters like mad when car is in motion.

Horrid, hilarious "Chattering Charlie" supplies "spine tingling" conversation the moment you set car in motion. His ghostly discussions are sure to fascinate and amuse everyone.

Chattering Charlie is realistically produced in sturdy, high impact dyrene plastic—3½" high —3" wide. Comes with both hanging cord and suction cup. Can be hung on rear view mirror or in rear window. Using suction cup mounting you can mount on window, skull will then face inward.

No. 13-1329—Each **$1.65**



WHEN YOU TRY TO STAY ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, YOU SINK; BUT WHEN YOU TRY TO SINK, YOU FLOAT.

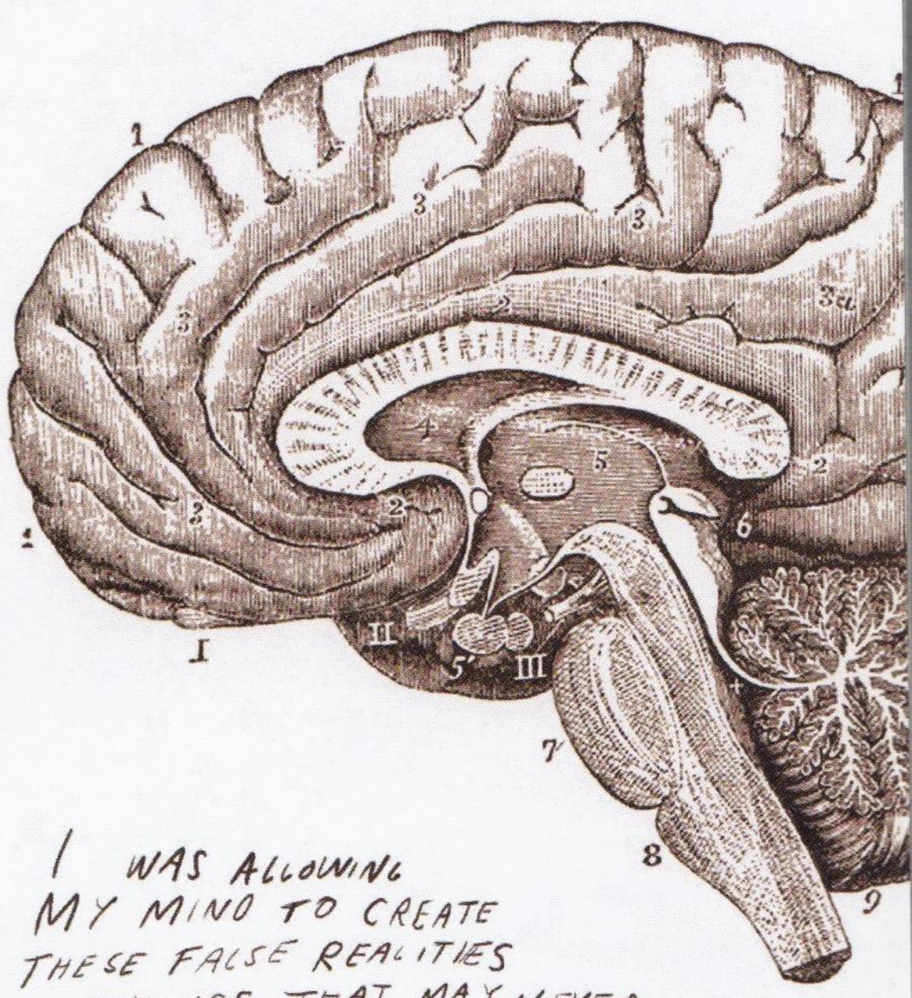
ALAN WATTS

IF I FULLY UNDERSTOOD WHY,
I WOULDN'T HAVE EXPERIENCED
THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

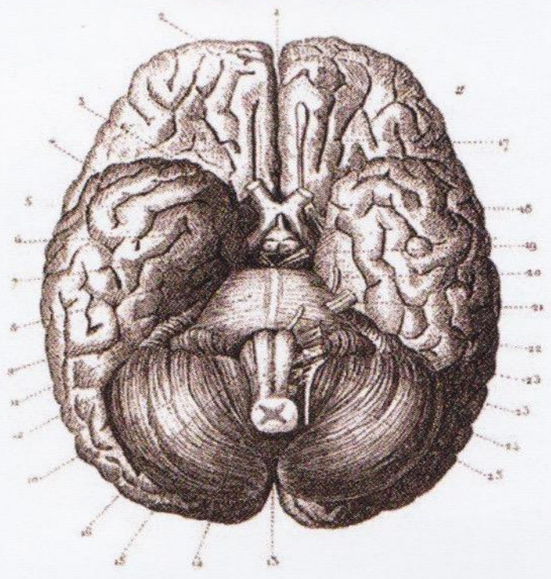
I did gymnastics for about a year when I was 12 or 13, and I remember my coach. He was a good coach, but he was extremely strict and tough. It was a kind of a rough relationship to have with him because I was so superstitious. I would do a specific routine leading up to the days when we would have our training session. If the day was good at gymnastics, I would continuously recreate the whole routine leading up to that day.

So that was the mentality that I was going through, and I felt trapped in it. I think the feeling that I had about a year ago was very similar to the relationship I had with my coach and gymnastics. It just boils down to feeling like you don't have control over your life. We're always chasing perfection—always looking for the next big thing, and having these huge expectations. It's hard to not let yourself get down when those things don't play out the way you intended.

Fig. 374.



I WAS ALLOWING
MY MIND TO CREATE
THESE FALSE REALITIES
— THINGS THAT MAY NEVER
EVEN HAPPEN, BUT MY
BRAIN JUST KEPT
GOING.



On the bad days, it was hard to do anything. My mindset says that I won't equate to anything so, why even try? Sometimes it's easy to say, "No, fuck you, shut up." On other days, it's harder to battle those thoughts. I used to think that I was the only person to deal with them, and it was hard because I felt like I couldn't relate to anyone. Recently, I realized that these feelings are common. Some feel those thoughts more severely than others, but for me, it helps just understanding that. In the past, I felt like if I did anything wrong or incorrectly, that it was completely my fault. There's a reason it was wrong because it was me who did it wrong, and if I was better, then I wouldn't have done it wrong. It's a rabbit hole. Once you start going down, it just gets darker.

What helped me was the understanding that no one is perfect, and anyone could accomplish anything if everything went their way. The beauty in what people do and what shows their dedication is perseverance through these bumps in the road. The people who do that are the people who want it the most. For the most part, those are the most successful people. They are the ones who have stuck out and have been in it since day one. They're going towards this goal, and they're not going to let anything stop them-even though they're going to make mistakes, and there's nothing wrong with that. That was such a freeing feeling to the paralyzing anxiety. Or you don't even want to try because you don't want to live with yourself failing. But it's crazy—you learn who you are in those failed attempts, you continue learning, and move on. That's what makes us human.

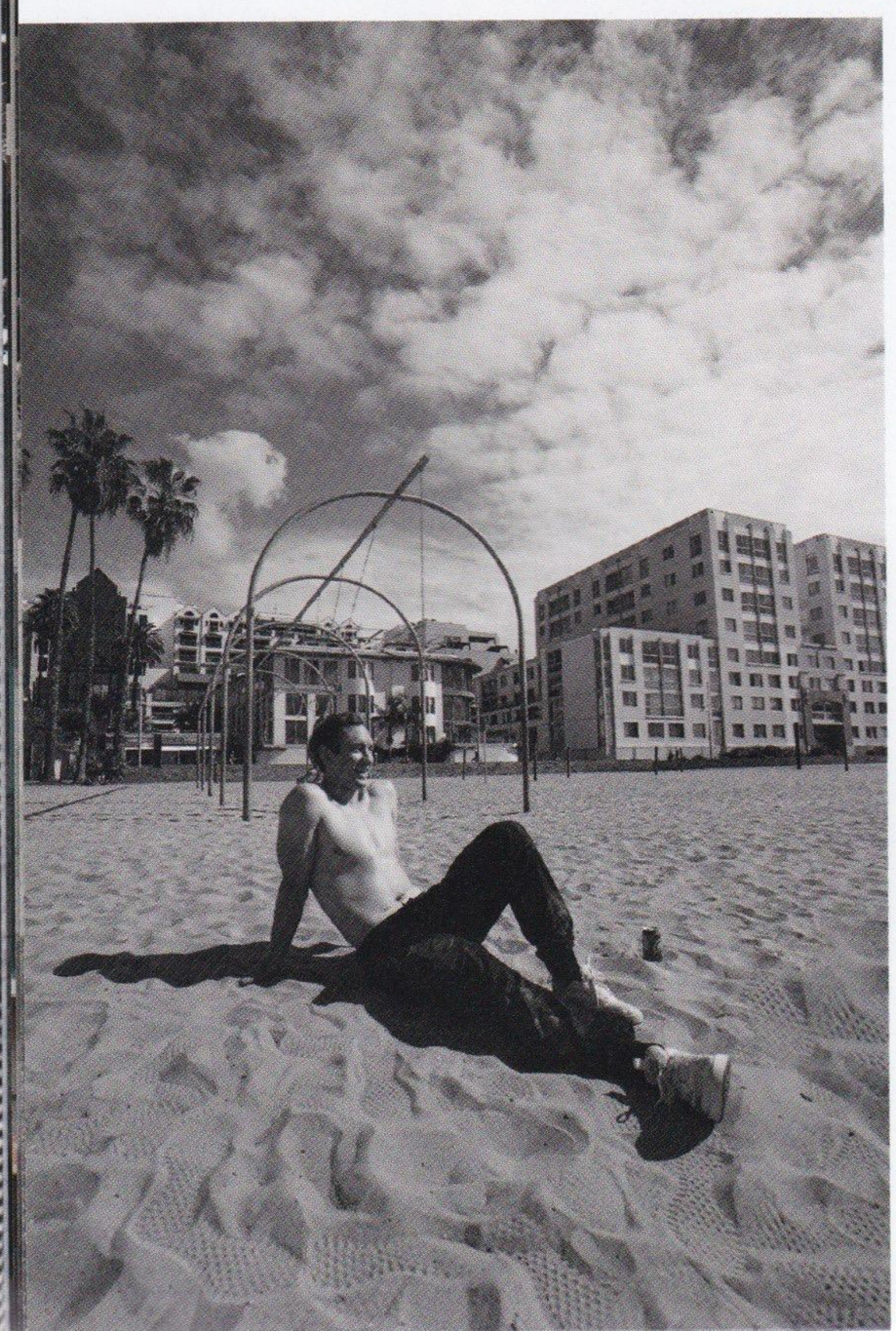
Moving forward, I knew I would have to do something that would require all of my attention and focus—the Santa Monica side flip pre from one bar to the other. There's an Out of The Mind video on the Tempest YouTube that digs into the story behind the challenge, as it is one of the most difficult things I have ever done. I have noticed that I benefit from devoting all of my energy to one thing, in my training or life. That's where I work best, so that's what I did with the Santa Monica side pre.

I love to find things that scare me. Physically difficult challenges are fun, and I love them. But what gets me excited and eager to keep training and progressing as an athlete is doing things that are just terrifying. Some people may have a better tolerance to it, and some people have a better skill of holding back these fearful thoughts where your brain is saying, "Hey, this is dangerous." It all comes from a place of good intention, but I love the idea of being able to shut that part of your brain off for a specific time or place for a challenge. Not to say that you don't listen to those thoughts because you definitely should consider all possibilities. You don't want your hand to slip, and then you fall between a roof gap.

When people watched Alex Honnold free solo El Cap, they asked if he was afraid he would die or they would tell him that what he did was insane. He explained that he would picture himself falling every way he could and that that is what prevented those things from happening. Fundamentally, I think the reason that we have these bails, we fall, or get injured, isn't of lack of judgment, but a lack of attention and attention towards all possibilities. Because if you only think about the good things-if I am only thinking about the rail and kicking back to double fly away—that's my expectation. But, to build up to that, I had to know all the possibilities. Toes slip out, knee bash. Toes slip out, go to my stomach, hit my face. Heel slip out, go to my quads. When you rule those out, you can go into it without the fear of the unknown and go into it with confidence to react to every possible situation. You're not putting it out to chance and saying that I hope I get my feet to the rail. That reality and mentality towards training expanded my understanding of the process of handling terrifying challenges.

I knew the side flip pre was possible. There's a rail cage in the gym that is similar to the Santa Monica bars. It is not exact, but it is close enough for practicing. I remember looking at it, and for a few days, I was terrified. Then I started giving it some preps, and all of a sudden, I remember hitting my feet and bounced. It was super doable and was just a matter of focusing all this attention and energy into doing it at Santa Monica. I didn't want to risk the moment of everything working for it to happen in the gym—I wanted it to only happen at Santa Monica.

So, I waited. I would go to Santa Monica regularly. Going through the motion-not even doing the side flip precision—just going there, prepping it, and walking away. Going there, prepping, and walking away. Each time, it felt like a kind of a failure. Walking away and wanting to do this so badly. I didn't do it today, but I'll come back another day. In those days of walking away, I found all these little pieces to the puzzle, which was the whole challenge. Mentally, it was my brain figuring it all out.



I remember this one day. Everything leading up to that day felt right, and I didn't want to miss the opportunity. I love how Brandon Douglas talks about this portal that seems to open at specific moments in time. Where you either jump through it and go or, you just kind of hold back and not go with the universe or the flow with whatever is going on. But it felt like I was meant to do it that day. In the past, I'd always thought about doing it. I'd be up on top of the rails telling myself I'd do it or that I would see how it felt. Then I'd get so anxious and begin to freak out. Then all of a sudden, that one day, it happened.

I remember saying to myself, “I'm going to do it. I think I'm going to do it today.” It was completely calming. The was no anxiousness, no fear—just a surreal moment. So I sent one, and it worked out. I got so excited. It took me four attempts, and in total, about 10 minutes to get the kickback and double flyaway. This was back in February of this year. To be on such an amazing rollercoaster—from being in the biggest rut of my life to suddenly reaching this next-level peak that I've never experienced. I was so stoked. That roller coaster is what gave birth to Skull Chatter.

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The Nordstrom kong pre in Cherry Creek (Denver, Colorado) was the scariest challenge in the project and took the most to work up to. I saw it before with Nick, Brandon, and Lincoln before Nick and Brandon had done it. We all looked at it and knew it was physically doable, but we weren't feeling it. So that day, I was with Kent and was already warm when we went up. I looked at the jump and practiced the run-up to gauge speed and how many steps I wanted to take. It's not a massive kong pre, but not small either—kind of in this weird range of not full power, but also not casually running into it. It's nice if it is one or the other because then you can judge it better. But the biggest thing for me was the drop. It was pretty hefty. The first time I did the gap, I did the standing jump down from where I would kong, hit the wall pretty hard, and knew it would be heavy. Then I cleared the landing surface to make sure it was not slippery, as the wildfires left a bunch of ash everywhere that day. There is another wall of the same height in the middle of the parking garage, so I did the kong a few times to see how it felt, and the distance felt great. I knew that I wouldn't under-do this because it's a death drop—I'm not surviving that. Once that clicked, I could go through the motion of doing the run-up and the prep kongs on the other wall. As long as I just did those two things properly, I would get to the other side. That thought helped a lot in the commitment for sure. And I was ready. I wasn't going to overthink it because that's when things can go wrong. If it were at ground level, it would be completely chill.

The biggest thing that helped me was understanding that the fundamental thing that matters is to find love and passion in the process of whatever you're doing. No amount of success, or no amount of whatever you're doing, to me, will ever feel like enough. It doesn't matter what it is—there will always be something more, or there will always be something else that could have been better. It's good to chase perfection and to have the drive to do something, but not to have all of your ego involved in that process. It is what began happening to me. It can drive you crazy and takes the fun out of everything. I was losing the passion and the joy of just training to have fun.

Although having a 12-minute video is incredible, and the clothing and photo book to go along with it is a dream come true—it's not what made the project for me. It was the experience and the tools that I have gained from this year. Learning things about myself and understanding the yin and yang to life. I appreciated the Santa Monica challenge so much because of all the negative feelings that came before. If everything was hunky-dory, the side pre would have been sick, and I would move on. But, all of a sudden, I realized that is what gives you the clarity of just being human. We relate to the emotional—the ups and downs. At the time, it fucking sucked, but I am eternally grateful for having gone through it because it is what led me to be where I am right now.

STORY **@NATE_WESTON** INTERVIEW **@ANDREWMUVS**
PHOTOGRAPHY **@KENT_JOHNS @RYANKELLYPK**
@WORLDSOKAYESTFILMMAKER

SKULL CHATTER
TMPST

WATCH ON YOUTUBE

PHOTO **STORROR**

MOVER SEE, MOVER DO

MOVERS ARE THE MOVE TO CAPTURE MOVEMENT FOR MAJOR MOTION PICTURES. IT'S EVEN IN THE NAME. HOLLYWOOD, TAKE NOTE.

ANDREW OBENREDER

When you see the action elements of parkour on the big screen, they nearly never satisfy you. Time and time again, we see otherwise incredible directors and filmmakers making the biggest mistake in capturing our movement—they typically don't understand the complexity and beauty of action like those who live it.

Most directors don't know what it feels like to sprint full-speed through an evolving urban terrain, following the ascension and descension of bodies through the concrete heavens; unable to capture the transportation of mind and body as its shapes flow through the crevices of concrete. Now, I'm not claiming that I've never seen a non-athlete photographer capture movement well, but it's a rarity.

Many creators understand the theory necessary to capture a body in motion, but they're missing the practical knowledge and application. They might imagine an angle that pleases the average viewer, but they can't encapsulate the feeling of a jump without knowing it. The dynamic nature of our movement gets lost in translation—overshadowed by aesthetic choices or concurrent events. Even when movement becomes the primary driver in a scene, it often takes a back seat.

Directors and camera operators are used to retakes, but athletes have a physical threshold. At some point, our bodies fail due to the high repetition of arduous locomotive patterns or excessive impact. And yet, we're expected to continue performing. Not only does this practice diminish the quality of the action visually, but it also wastes time and possibly misses the "moment."

The "moment" for a creator is a mystical one. It's a time where all the chaotic elements of the universe amalgamate. It's the breathtaking moments of a film that, no matter the simplicity, are championed by all who've witnessed. In parkour, it's recognized by the "that's the one" on-camera proclamation. If a movement is simple and easily reproducible for an athlete, the moment has the potential to reoccur. Usually, this isn't the case, as creators are craving movement complexity within elaborate environments. Typically, this takes the shape of chase sequences, where multiple athletes interact with each other and their surroundings. While these sequences can be strenuous both for the talent and the production team, they don't have to be.

CANON ZOOM LENS
TO TURN ON THE POWER
TO TURN OFF THE POWER
TO RECHARGE

STORROR X STUNT CAMERA BILBAO PARKOUR

WATCH ON YOUTUBE

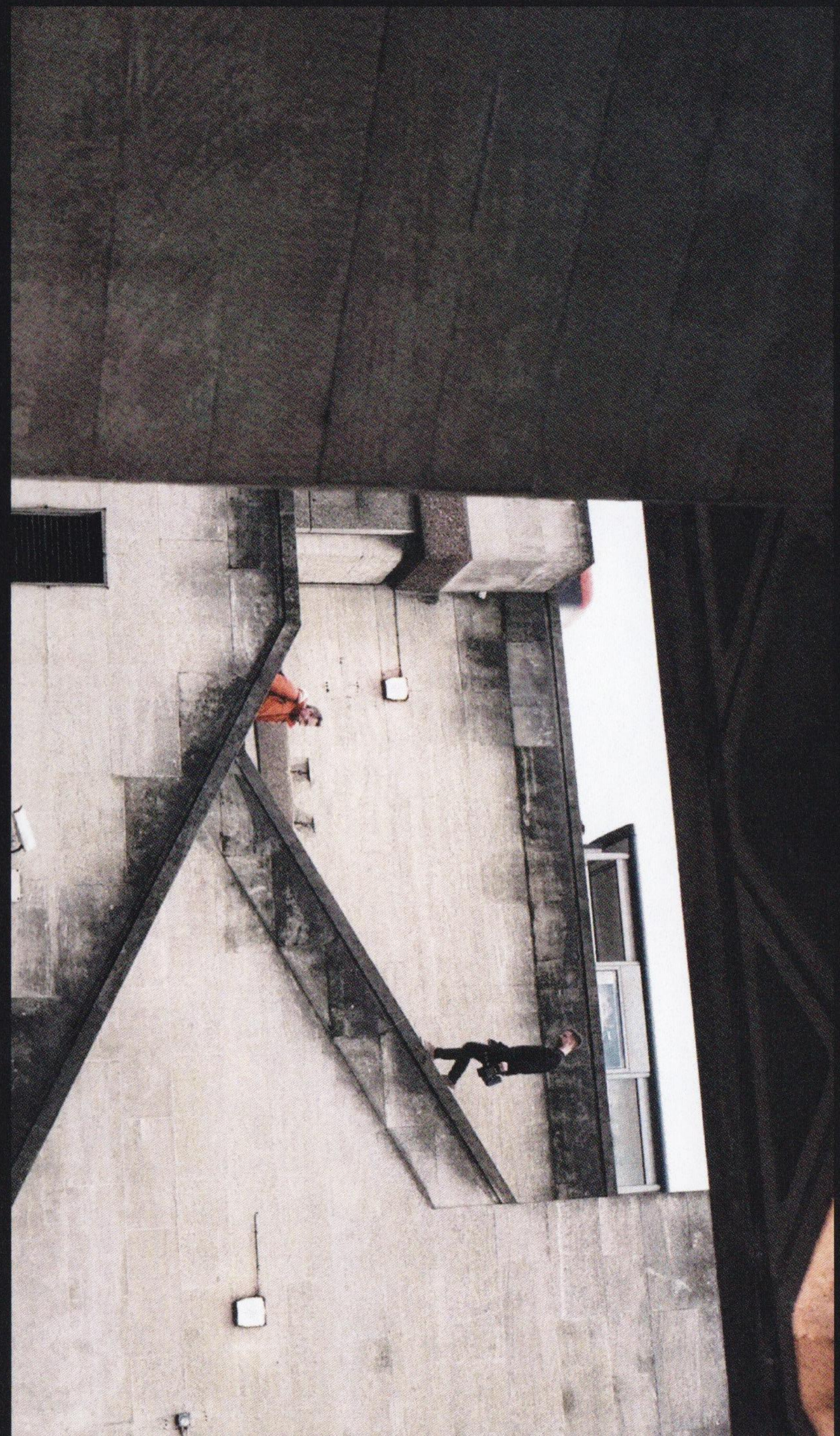
Over the years, the parkour world has seen an explosion of incredibly skilled still and motion photographers. It makes sense—most practitioners own a camera to capture their training, and with photography being such an integral element of our practice, it's only natural that some follow that path. And some of these creators have climbed to new heights and brought parkour along in their toolkit.

Daniel Ilabaca and Will Sutton need no introduction within parkour. The duo of veteran practitioners are not only changing the way we watch parkour, but they're making a splash in the film industry as well. Stunt Camera Crew was born from the idea that highly-skilled movers are necessary to capture movement authentically. With experience in front of and behind the lens, they know what it takes to get the shot. As high-level, multi-disciplinary athletes—they do this without the costly equipment used on big-budget film sets. The team utilizes their cultivated movement abilities to trade dollys for rollerblades and cranes for parkour while combining their skills to create something breathtaking.

In 2019, STORROR released their Bilbao collaboration video with Stunt Camera Crew. The video is different than many we've seen within the realm of parkour, as SCC used their skills to move tightly through space with them, capturing shots that would be otherwise unachievable without a massive budget. The video is jam-packed with immersive scenes that leave you feeling like you were with them in Bilbao. In the behind-the-scenes video, you see Will Sutton as he cascades down a series of ledges with a RED and gimbal in hand; and he takes a rollerblading camera hand-off from Daniel Ilabaca before running across a narrow ledge to capture the action below. Unlike dolly systems, inline skates alongside a gimbal provide a similar effect without the constraints. The fast-paced fancy footwork and ability to control the human body at height helps facilitate hard to capture angles that would otherwise require a crane.

The emergence of Stunt Camera Crew seems like the introduction to a new wave of movement-specialized creators. And with as many cameras in the hands of parkour practitioners, it's not an if but when. As movers, it's exciting to see more diverse action climb its way onto the big screen, and as parkour continues to grow, so will its involvement in major films. When that time comes, we hope to be there to keep things moving.

STORY @ANDREWMUVS
FEATURE STUNTCAMERACREW.COM @STUNTCAMERACREW @STORROR



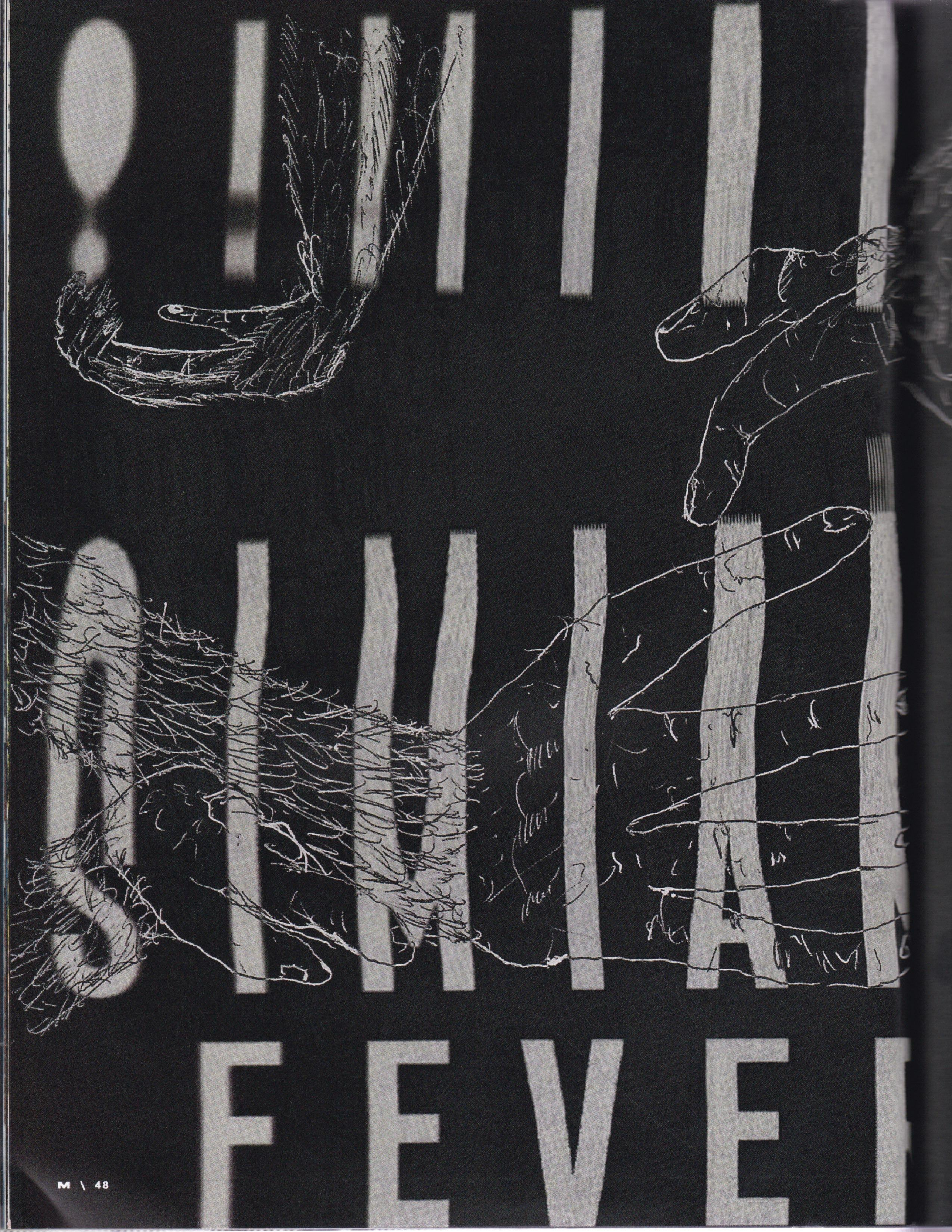
On Monday, June 1, 2020, Philadelphia Police officers assaulted peaceful protestors who became trapped on a highway and were bathed in tear gas. They were surrounded on three sides by SWAT, with the only escape route from the gas being a steep hill leading to a five-foot fence mounted upon a five-foot wall.

Many people, including elderly and disabled activists, could do nothing but choke on gas, wait to be cuffed, and then booked. Many others were shot by rubber bullets, sustaining gruesome damage before collapsing on the ground.

An equally large group decided to take their chances of climbing the wall, and I was among the first of the people to surmount the fence. I immediately retreated upon tear gas deployment since I wear contact lenses, as gas exposure can melt them onto your eyes. I proceeded to summit the fence and did it just in time to shoot a video that revealed the Philly Police Department's acts of terror.

ELIAS SELL @FREERUNSELL

People are trapped.
Police are the villains.
Whether you make it out depends
on if you can climb a fence.
Good luck.


FEVER

There's an idea out there!

I don't know what it looks like, but if I get up and work on it for six months, it will be real.

Simian Fever was one of those ideas made up of ideas that eventually made it onto your screen.

by FRAZ THE WIZARD

this was a pretty unique project for a few reasons. For starters, I didn't film any of the footage.

I started with a bunch of footage from Marcio and Matt dropping in my inbox and a "see what you can come up with." You are cordially invited down the rabbit hole.

I loved the energy in these guys. You can feel how pumped they were for the session, and there are so many iconic challenges. So there was an authenticity there, but the material is different from what I'm used to editing, which is my footage with my theme and style. With everything filmed on Gopro, there was a huge empty space in every shot, and I had no idea what to do with it. I almost didn't want to take the project on because of that. I was reading a book called The Gifts of Imperfection at the time, which led to me embracing the space as a blank canvas to fill. That's probably my biggest personal breakthrough from this video and where the madness started.

People assume that the creative process only comes from drugs, and I feel sorry for them. It's called imagination and coffee. Wait, coffee is a drug-fuck. I don't even know how to describe where all the wacky imagery comes from. I guess a mash of reflections about how we are all like apes hyper-living through the internet using our primitive brains, man. The video includes some of my dreams of being underwater with sharks, empty voids, and the volcano thing, which goes meta on the whole theme. Some of it goes into pulling back the layers of cyber consciousness to the physicality and the literal bare bones of being human. There's a whole six months of swimming around in my head that's referenced in the video, and you can go as deep as you want into that.

But fuck all that noise, it gotta be watchable. It's a parkour video at heart, so the animation just plays around the movement. It doesn't obstruct or distract but amplifies. With all the intensity and craziness, it might not fit into everyone's expectations or comfort zone.

But, hey — that's Simian Fever.

N FEVER
MÜVMAG

STORY

@FRAZ THE WIZARD

@MARCIO.FILIPEE

@MATT_MCCREARY1

FEATURED

SIMIAN
FEVER
WATCH ON YOUTUBE

THAT'S DANGEROUS

YES...THAT WAS MUCH SAFER. THANKS...

SHREWMASTERCOMICS

HUH! IT.... IT LOOKS SO SMALL ON VIDEO...

DIFFICULT AND CHALLENGING DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN AESTHETICALLY IMPRESSIVE

SHMEH

I CAN'T POST THIS!

THIS IS IT!

SO MANY ATTEMPTS BUT THIS IS IT...

NO MORE HOLDING BACK...

COMMIT...

COMMIT...

IVE GOT THIS!

YES! FINALLY! GOOD JOB MAN

YO! AWESOME THANKS FOR FILMING THAT!

YA, NO PROBLEM. LETS GET BACK TO IT NOW

FAKEBOOK
#DEDICATION! KEEP ON HAMMERING YO

INSTASHAM
#PUTTING-IN-THE-WORK DONT STOP PUSHING IT WORK HARD EVERYONE

TW@-CHAT
#KEEPHAMMERING IM WORKING HARD!

YO, YOUVE BEEN WORKING THAT LINE FOR A BIT NOW

THINK YOUVE GOT IT? I CAN FILM IF YOUD LIKE.

OH YEA. I WOULDNT MIND SEEING HOW IT LOOKS.

IVE GOTTEN DOWN EACH MOVE INDIVIDUALLY. I GUESS ITS TIME TO STRING THEM TOGETHER

Get A Cool Angle!

*TIC TAC ALLEY

STICK

YO THAT WAS SO SMOOTH! THAT LOOKS HUGE ON CAMERA

Yes!

I'm so COOL!

SHREWBOK

Pebble!

I GOT THAT ON CAMERA TOO!

My Pride!

SHREWMASTERCOMICS.COM

#VANDEATH

Parkour teaches us to adapt and overcome, and that's what I had to do with the death of my dream home.

SOFIA WARD

In parkour, all you need are the clothes on your back and a pair of sneakers. Even then, the sneakers are optional, and that inspired me to live more simplistically. When you crave to be in the dirt or on some nice walls, fancy things lose some of their glow.

Today I would say that my needs are pretty straightforward. I like to have shoes, a backpack, nearby spots, a fitness gym, wifi, and my lovely partner and friend. There are other things I like that are bonuses, but there is a lot that I now see as clutter that gets in the way of what actually matters. I am not a minimalist, but I try to keep it light.

However, there was a time when I was a bit of a hoarder. As a kid, the concept of throwing something out filled me with dread. When my parents told me to clean my room, I clutched my unused toys next to the throw away pile, questioning if I needed them or not. Ultimately, I put every item back into its designated pile of clutter. I clung to most anything actually, not just toys. I kept scraps of paper, dry playdough, beads that would never be strung—even the fallen whiskers of my cat. A couple of moves with only two suitcases peeled me away from the worst of my obsession. But the shadow of those fears stuck around in my mind.

Over time, it happened-I accumulated stuff. Then I started doing the jumpy, runny, vaulty things, and in my newfound appreciation, much of my clothing started to feel depressingly restrictive. The piles of clothing and accessories in the back of my closet became even less appealing. I began traveling to do the hoppy, climby, dashy things, and the need to pack light was surprisingly freeing. There was nothing to distract from doing, seeing, and exploring—I loved it. It was me, my backpack, my sneakers, and some sweatpants.

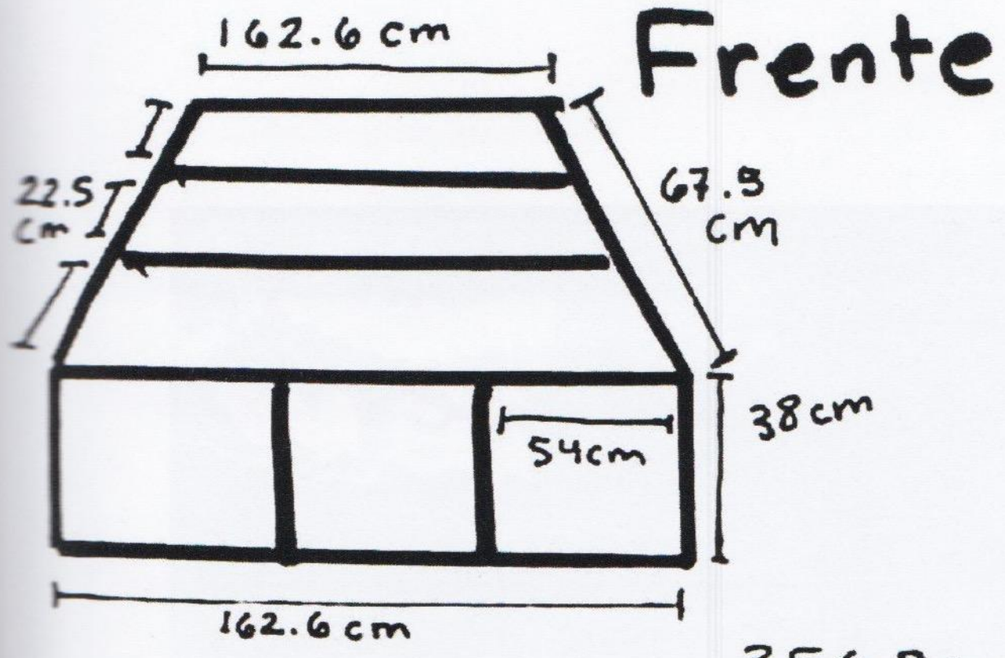
It was around this time that the videos started popping up, #Vanlife. And, once the Youtube algorithm had caught on to my interest in the topic, I was inundated. I clicked through countless tours, road trip montages, and cut scenes of people making coffee around a neat little gas stove in front of some picturesque landscape. It just made sense. It was like the ultimate backpack trip. Sure, you could carry a little more, but there was enough room there for me to meld my two lives. The one where I do parkour and the one where I don't. I could work from there or go to my job from there. Especially traveling solo as a gal, having a safe place to sleep no matter what sounded like the ticket to travel freedom. All I wanted was that little nest on wheels. Yeah, a van seemed like the move.

Forgive me for skipping forward several months, but this is the part where we enter 2020, and we all know that that is a shitshow. I had been living out of suitcases for a year, shedding the vast majority of my stuff. The pandemic was in full swing, but I had secured the funds I needed, and I had betted my future on a sturdy, dark blue 2006 Ford E-150—aka my Baby Girl. And she and I, we were doing it. In fact, it was all we were doing.

Even though van life would be different than it would have been before the Rona, nothing sounded sweeter. This revised dream consisted of driving away from the disease-riddled city into a barren and peaceful landscape, free of crowds and sickness. So I threw myself into the task of building her out. With no job, social life, or emotional stability, all that was left was my dream of better days out there with Baby Girl.

But, of course, no adventure would be complete without a bumpy road. I had never built anything in my life, and Baby Girl wasn't quite perfect for the future I had in mind—at least not in her original state. At her tallest interior point, she was five feet and five inches. I am five foot six, and my partner is six foot one, so she had a little growing to do if I wanted to stand upright in my home, which I knew I wanted. I noted that when I made the purchase and, due to a variety of reasons, it was then that I decided we would build her a new roof.

Had I done this before? No. Did I think it would be easy? No. But, I also didn't want this to be easy. I wanted to build out my nest and know that I had put my all into doing it. My Baby Girl and I were going to have a connection cemented through hours of discovery, mistakes, sweat, and tears. That was part of my van dream from the beginning, and the added journey of building a roof became just another piece of that dream.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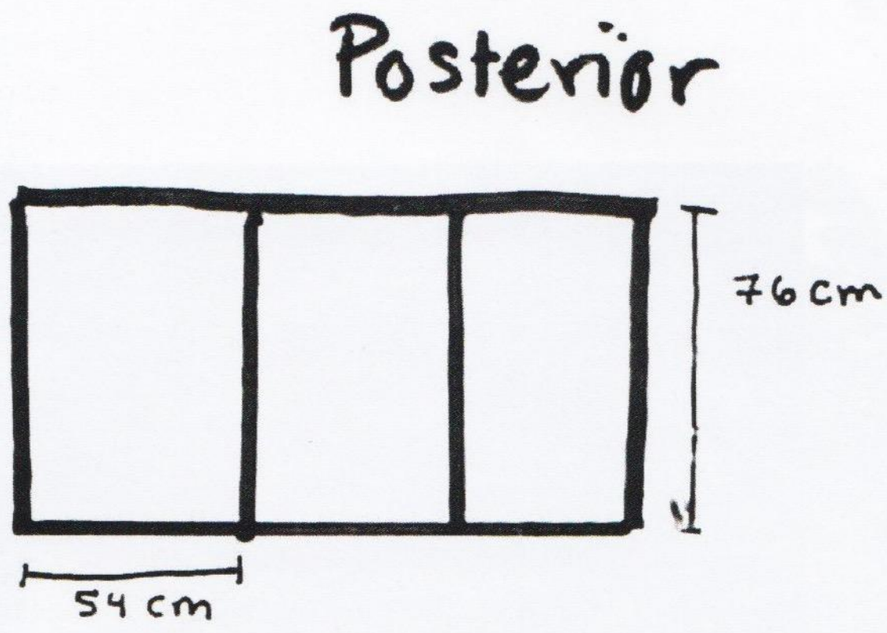
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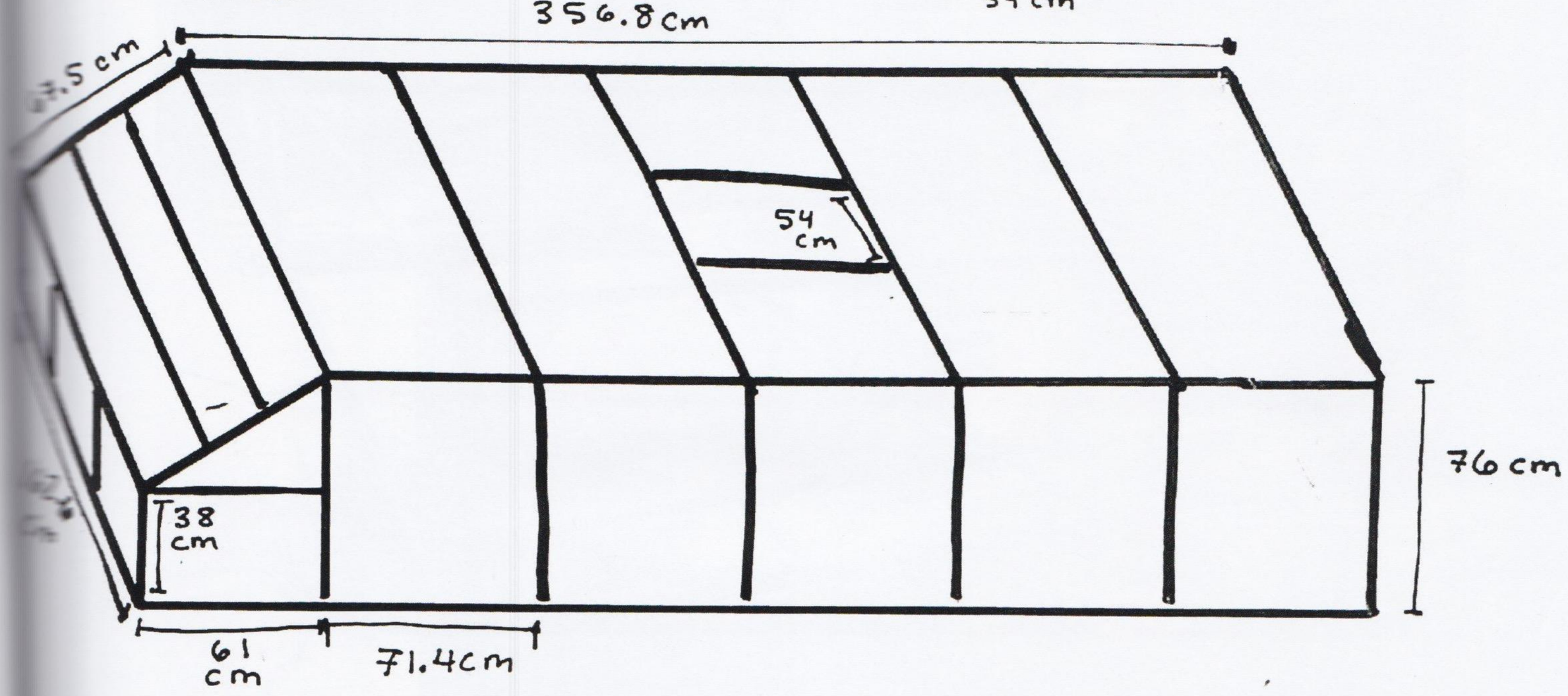
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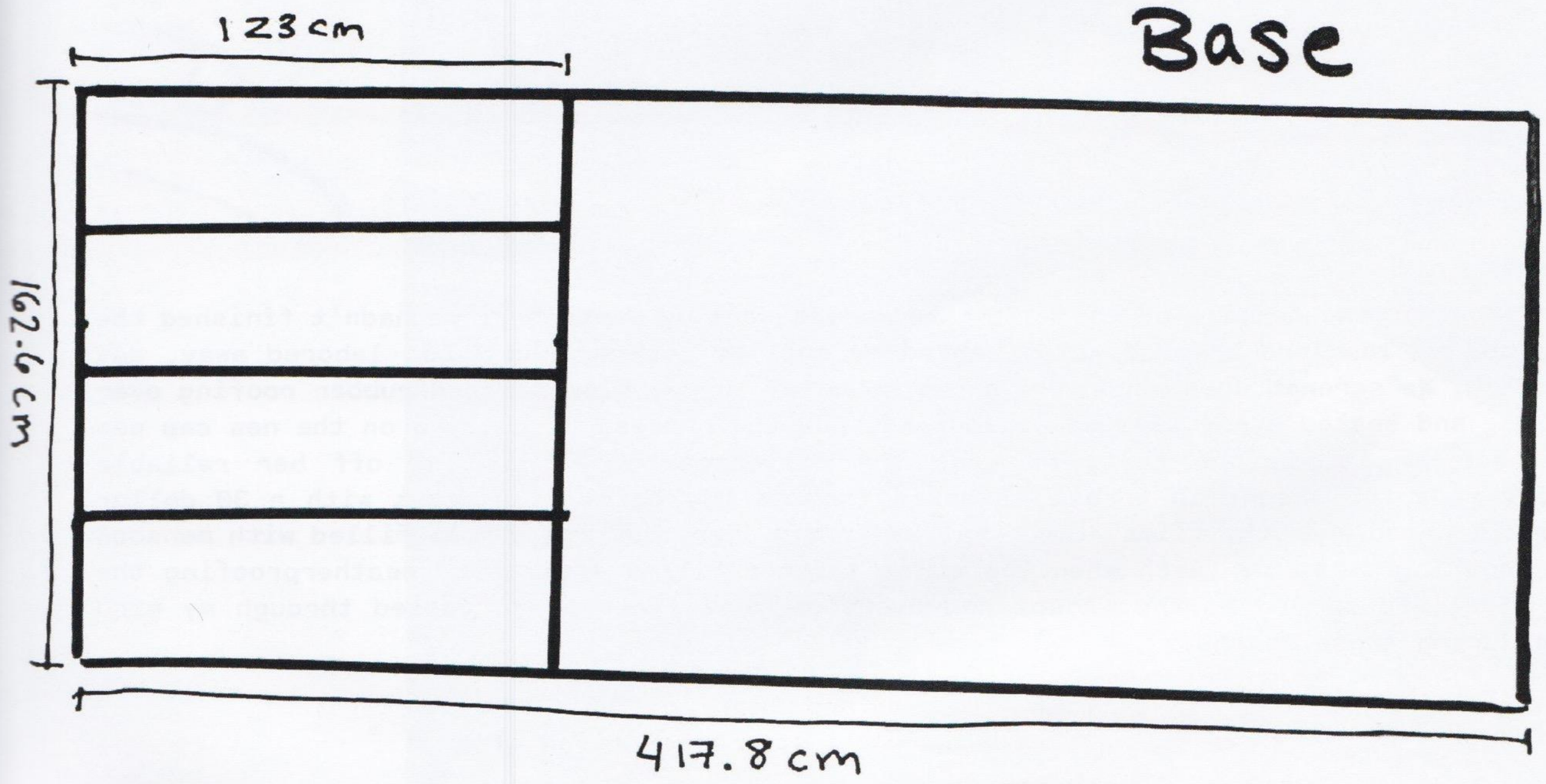
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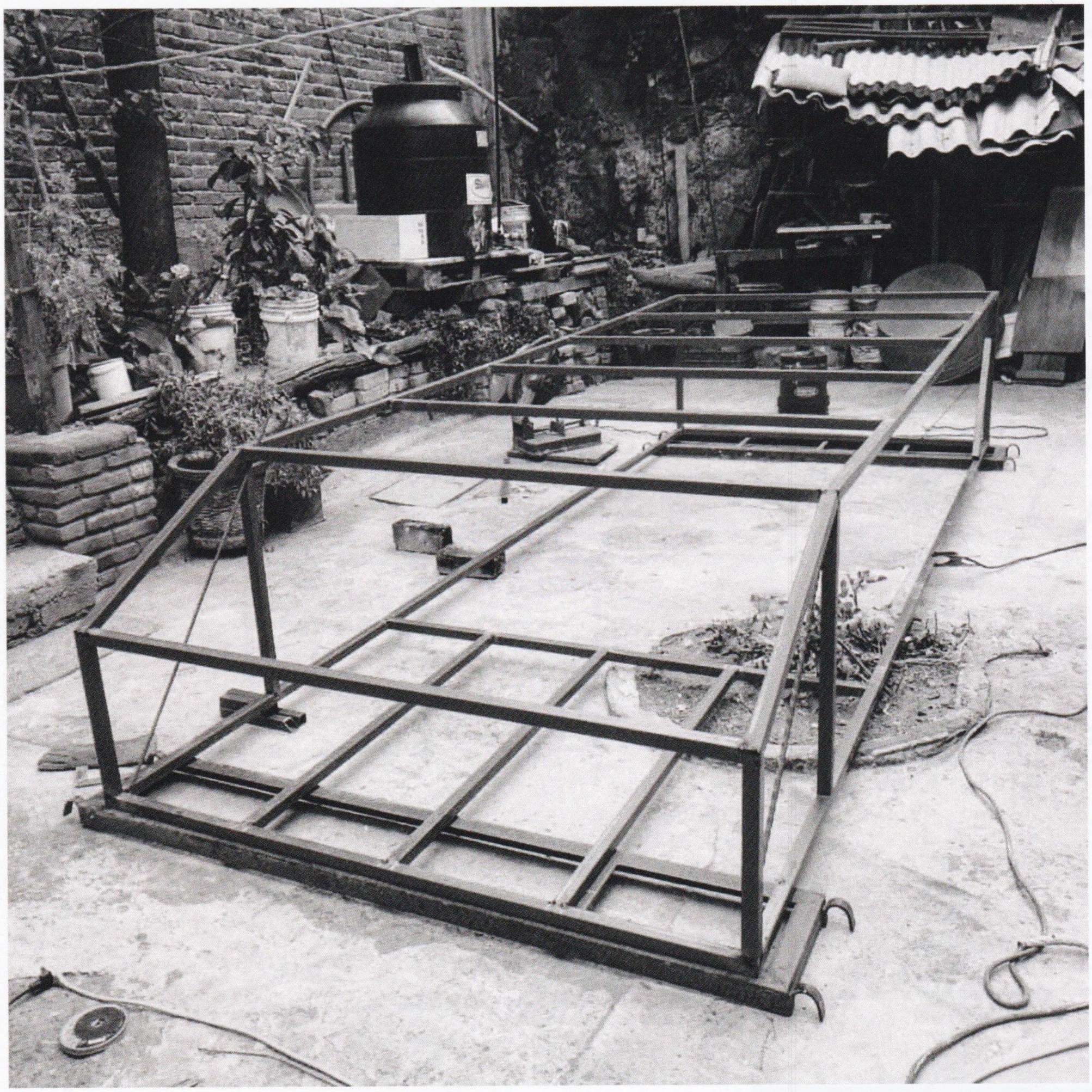


I'll spare you the details of the next five months, but by September, we hadn't finished the roof, and my landlord and roommates wanted me out. My partner and I had labored away, day after day. We screwed down wood over a custom metal frame, blow-torched rubber roofing over the top, and sealed every seam we could find. But the process of putting on the new cap was only half of it. Before that, we rode the rollercoaster of cutting off her reliable factory-made top. Heart in throat, I sawed through the thick fiberglass with a 30 dollar jigsaw. I cried when the flimsy tarp that we strung over the jagged hole filled with monsoon rain, and I gritted my teeth when the paint thinner-filled process of weatherproofing the wood stretched on for months. Adapt and overcome, no? That phrase passed through my mind often during those months.

TEXAS
74613DV
TRITON
V8

Although the roof wasn't completely polished, she was weatherproofed and road-ready, so we took her out on her first journey. And so we began the cross-continental road trip that would bring us from Mexico City to Pittsburgh. We had shipped essential electrical equipment there, and it was where we would take on the next leg of this construction adventure. One of the many perks was that it was also far away from our generous but irritated landlord's lot.

The trip was long and beautiful, and we drove until we couldn't. The miles, playlists, and conversations ticked by in a fluid rhythm-the road holds some magic that way. In the wee hours of the morning, I would crawl into the back, curl up in a blanket on the floor, and sleep soundly under the roof I had built. It was peace to know that I was where I wanted to be and that I had made my home. One day, I woke up next to a dewy field—basking in a bright beginning. On another, a foggy rest stop, which somehow felt like a cup of coffee and a Dunkin Donuts croissant, even though there was no cup in sight. It was always different.

THE VAN FAM CHRONICLES

UNEXPLORED TERRITORY

SOFI AND CHOMPI NAPPING IS SOME TOWN THAT WAS MOST LIKELY IN TEXAS, BUT REALISTICALLY COULD HAVE BEEN ANYWHERE BETWEEN MEXICO AND PITTSBURGH.

PROBABLY UNDER WATER BECAUSE OF RISING SEA LEVELS.

WATER

GAS STATION

LOTS OF BBQ

BASICALLY STILL MEXICO

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MEXICO
US BORDER

WE BROKE DOWN WHILE NEXT IN LINE ON THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE. AND A MEXICAN OFFICIAL HELPED US JUMP OUR VAN.

MONTERRAY

FIESTAS

MEXICO

BEACHES Y FIESTAS

COLD AND CHEESE THIS WAY

TIME TO FINISH BUILDING!

PITTSBURGH

MORE GAS STATIONS + SHITTY FOOD

THIS MAY ALL BE UNDER THE WATER SOMETIME IN HUMAN EXISTENCE TOO.

STOPPED FOR BBQ...

MORE BBQ

MORE WATER

[HOMP] GETTING READY TO GO ON A PEE-FILLED ADVENTURE BEFORE WE WASHED UP AT AN ANYTIME FITNESS IN WHOKNOWSWHEREVILLE, AND HIT THE ROAD AGAIN.

WAIT

TOO MANY TOURISTS PERO MAS FIESTAS

SOME ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS UNDER THE WATER

BOB MARLEY WAS HERE

JAMAICA

A BUNCH OF BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ISLANDS THAT HOPEFULLY DON'T END UP UNDER THE FUCKING WATER TOO!

When we got to Pittsburgh, it was a new chapter. Without the fear of water exploding into the van, the rest of the build looked like a breeze. I took a few days off to train and recuperate, and after that, I hopped behind the wheel to grab wood for the interior walls. I had found a deal on some mixed wooden planks on Facebook marketplace. Imperfect and textured, I thought they would make a great start to filling out the room part of Baby Girl since after taking out all the interior, she was still all metal screws.

So on we went until it all went wrong. I adjust the mirrors, set up the map, took the turns, and merged onto the highway. The cars in front of me were slowing down and switching lanes, so I set up to do the same. Slow down, check the blind spot, and look back. Then time slowed down. In front of me was a car with no lights on which I hadn't noticed earlier. A part of me had assumed it was just chugging along far too slow in this midmorning traffic, and that's why everyone was moving lanes. But now, with nothing in between us, I could see that the car was off. And, Baby Girl and I were headed right for it. I slammed the brakes, knowing that it would be insanity to swerve and braced for my nightmare. In the lengthy seconds that followed, I watched in horror as my dream, my Baby Girl, my hours of sweat, tears, and planning, collided into the car in front, and crumpled. We hit slow enough to know that I was safe, as was the other person involved, but not slow enough to save her. Having come from Mexico less than a week ago, we hadn't upgraded our insurance yet. And in that tiny slip of the mind, everything fell.

The minutes that followed felt like hours. When the guy came to tow the car, he pronounced her dead on impact. My first home, van, and hand-built creation—all gone in my first crash. I knew from the get-go that I was doomed to heartbreak. For the next two days, I cried off and on. Car rides were difficult as my nervous system sank into overload, and flashes of Baby Girl's end jumped and skid before my eyes. Adapt and overcome, no?

It was trauma, plain and simple—trauma and fear of life's cruel twists. But I wanted to stay true to things I had learned through life and parkour, so I reminded myself that I would adapt and overcome. Simplicity didn't have to look like a not-so-simple home on wheels. In its most beautiful form, it was in my body, which was still whole. So, I got behind a wheel. I let the tears come when they did and let them be when they did not. I let the guilt, the anger, and the longing go. Even though Baby Girl is gone, I broke the jump to make her happen, and that is an achievement that will never crumble. What matters is that I still have my backpack, my sneakers, and some worn-out sweatpants.

STORY **@SOFII.CLOFII**
PHOTOGRAPHY **@SOFII.CLOFII** **@ANDREWMUVS**
ILLUSTRATION **@ANDREWMUVS**

Ford
V8
Ryder
WASHINGTON
BTP7024
EVERGREEN STATE

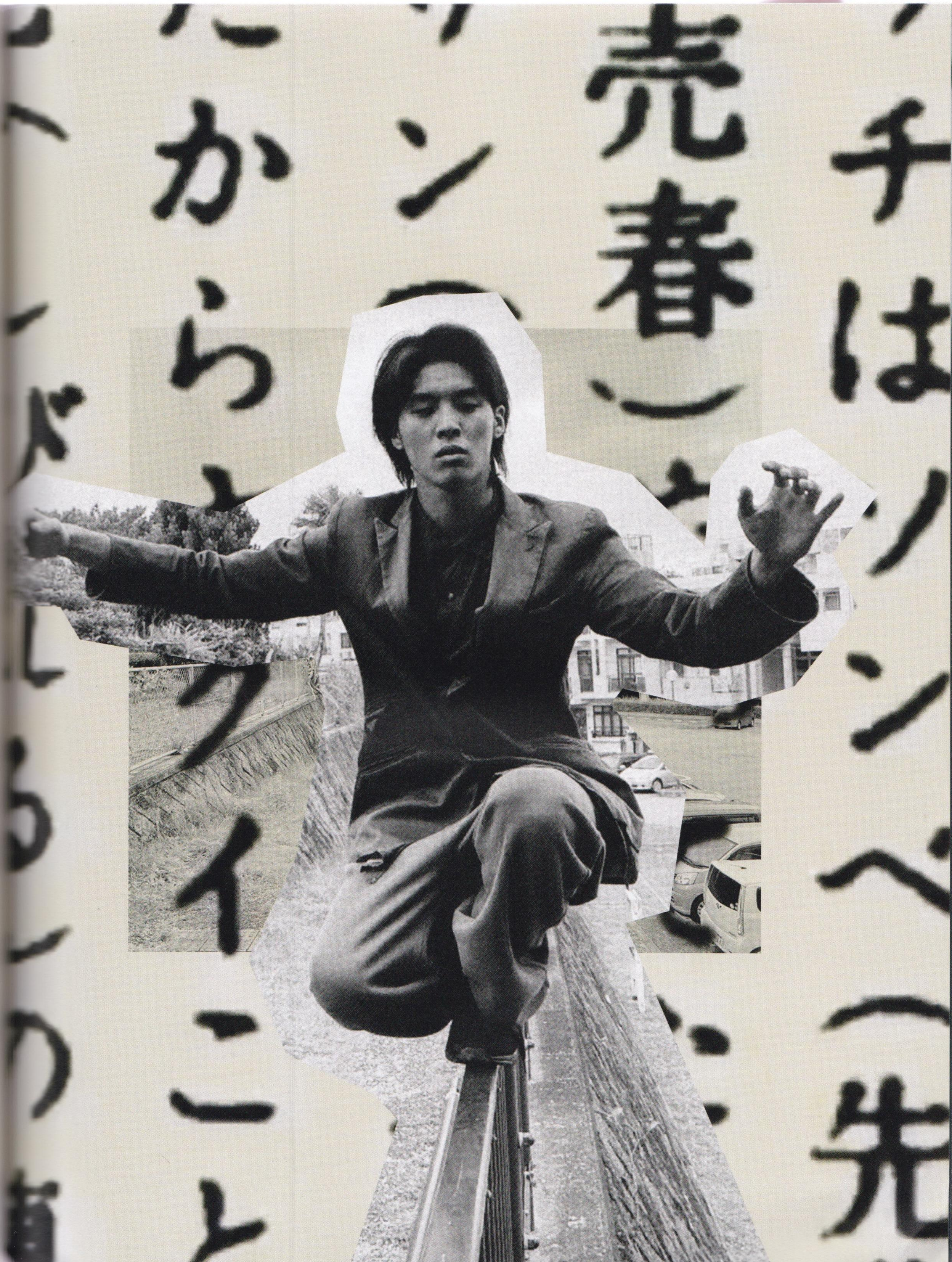
PHOTO CASEY WILSON @CASEYWLSN

!
TRYHARD
C

HI SAI

FEW PEOPLE BREAK THE MOLD, SAI RYUNOSHIN IS ONE OF THEM

STORY **MYLES ROSS** FEATURED **SAI RYUNOSHIN** INTERPRETER **YU SHIMURA**



SAI RYUNOSHIN

才 龍之真

On November 30, 2020, Sai Ryunoshin from Okinawa, Japan, put out his 4th video, #Hi 20 Sai Ryunoshin Full part2020. People immediately praised Sai's attractive and carefree movement style and skill displayed alongside creativity. As soon as that video dropped, everyone could see how passionate and dedicated Sai really was to parkour and how much he can contribute to the sport.

#HI 20
SAI RYUNOSHIN
WATCH ON YOUTUBE

Sai is 18 years old and has been training for four and a half years. When speaking to him, he described his hometown community in Okinawa as a modest group, made up of 17 to 19-year-old students that all train together after school. He says that they tend to keep it pretty low key, but from what can be seen through their videos, it's safe to say that Sai is humble. As it turns out, the mix of people drawn into this group, and their surroundings, form the perfect petri dish to develop style and skill rapidly. The parkour community in Sai's pocket of the world evidently contains some of the most unique and skilled up and coming athletes that the world has seen. Sai has an affinity for dash pres and has fine-tuned them to the point where he appears to float over walls entirely before his feet even connect with the metal railing in front of him. He and his friends tend to train on the beaches and streets near the ocean. Away from the consequence of concrete surfaces, Sai and his friends have the opportunity to develop great aerial awareness, which can then translate into the ability to rotate multiple times out of corks and back fulls. However, with the blessing of soft sand comes the curse of sand-filled shoes and socks that chafe and irritate. To work around this, Sai has been training barefoot on the beachfront, and in some clips, you can even spot him training in sandals.

消防水利
P

The creativity that flows from Sai's head takes many forms, and playfulness is the driver. He doesn't need the approval of those around him or the online world to determine what he learns or decides to work on a given day. He walks out to the ocean and lets his body flow through whatever funky moves he can come up with based on his environment. This freedom has led him to do things like wear socks over his shoes to slide down rails and staircases, or end lines hanging upside down, arms crossed, staring into the camera. Sometimes it seems as if he is aimlessly throwing himself at a wall until he somehow flows seamlessly through a line that you would never expect. When watching him perform, you can tell that Sai truly understands that parkour is an art form packed with passion and self-expression.

When I asked him about his influences, he tells me that he attributed everything to his father, Sai Tetsuharu, who has been a professional skater for the majority of his life. After he had Ryunoshin, he continued to progress his skill in skating. I watched videos from Sai's dad, and I instantly understood how his spontaneous nature and playfulness developed. In his skating, you can see how he comes up with everything on the spot and tailors his way of skating to the weird elements of his environment. And that is what is seen in Sai and his parkour.

SAI TETSUHARU SKATEBOARD

WATCH ON YOUTUBE

I KNOW WHERE HE PROBABLY PULLS HIS INSPIRATION FROM. THERE IS A SKATER CALLED GOU MIYAGI, AND THEY ARE VERY, VERY SIMILAR IN FILMING AND MOVING STYLES—ALMOST LIKE A PERFORMANCE. IT'S BRILLIANT, AND SOMETIMES I SENSE COMEDY IN THE WAY THEY STRUCTURE THEIR LINES. THEY ARE BOTH VERY CLEVER.

彼がおそらくどこからインスピレーションを得ているのかはわかっています。宮城剛というスケーターがいて、撮影と動きのスタイルがとても似ていて、まるでパフォーマンスのようです。それは素晴らしいです、そして時々私は彼らが彼らのラインを構成する方法でコメディを感じます。 どちらもとても賢いです。

KELAN RYAN

ケラン ライアン

SAI HAS BEEN ONE OF MY FAVORITE ATHLETES TO WATCH SINCE I FOUND OUT ABOUT HIM EARLIER THIS YEAR! I LOVE HOW HE SEEMS TO PULL STYLE FROM BREAKDANCING AND SKATEBOARDING AND APPLY IT INTO HIS MOVEMENT! I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK OF THE SKATEBOARDER GOU MIYAGI WHEN I WATCH SAI'S VIDEO PARTS. THEY HAVE A VERY SIMILAR STYLE THAT I JUST CAN'T QUITE PUT INTO WORDS! CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHERE SAI TAKES HIS FREERUNNING IN THE FUTURE!

サイは、今年初めに彼のことを知って以来、私のお気に入りのアスリートの1人です。彼がブレイクダンスやスケートボードからスタイルを引き出し、それを彼の動きに適用しているように見えるのが大好きです！ サイのビデオパートを見ると、スケートボーダーの宮城剛のことを考えずにはいられません。とても似たスタイルで、言葉では言い表せません！ サイが将来どこでフリーランニングをするのか楽しみです！

ELIJAH MULLER

イライジャ ムラー

I'VE WATCHED A BUNCH OF HIS VIDEOS. HE HAS A CRAZY UNIQUE STYLE, FROM HIS TRICKS TO HOW HE DRESSES AND STYLES HIS VIDEOS. HIS MOVEMENT FEELS FOREIGN. I'VE NEVER SEEN A LOT OF THE TRICKS BEFORE, OR AT LEAST IN THE WAY HE DOES THEM.

私は彼のビデオをたくさん見ました。彼は、トリックからビデオのドレスやスタイリングまで、クレイジーでユニークなスタイルを持っています。彼の動きは異質な感じがします。私はこれまでに多くのトリックを見たことがありません、または少なくとも彼がそれらを行う方法で。

JACK DODDS

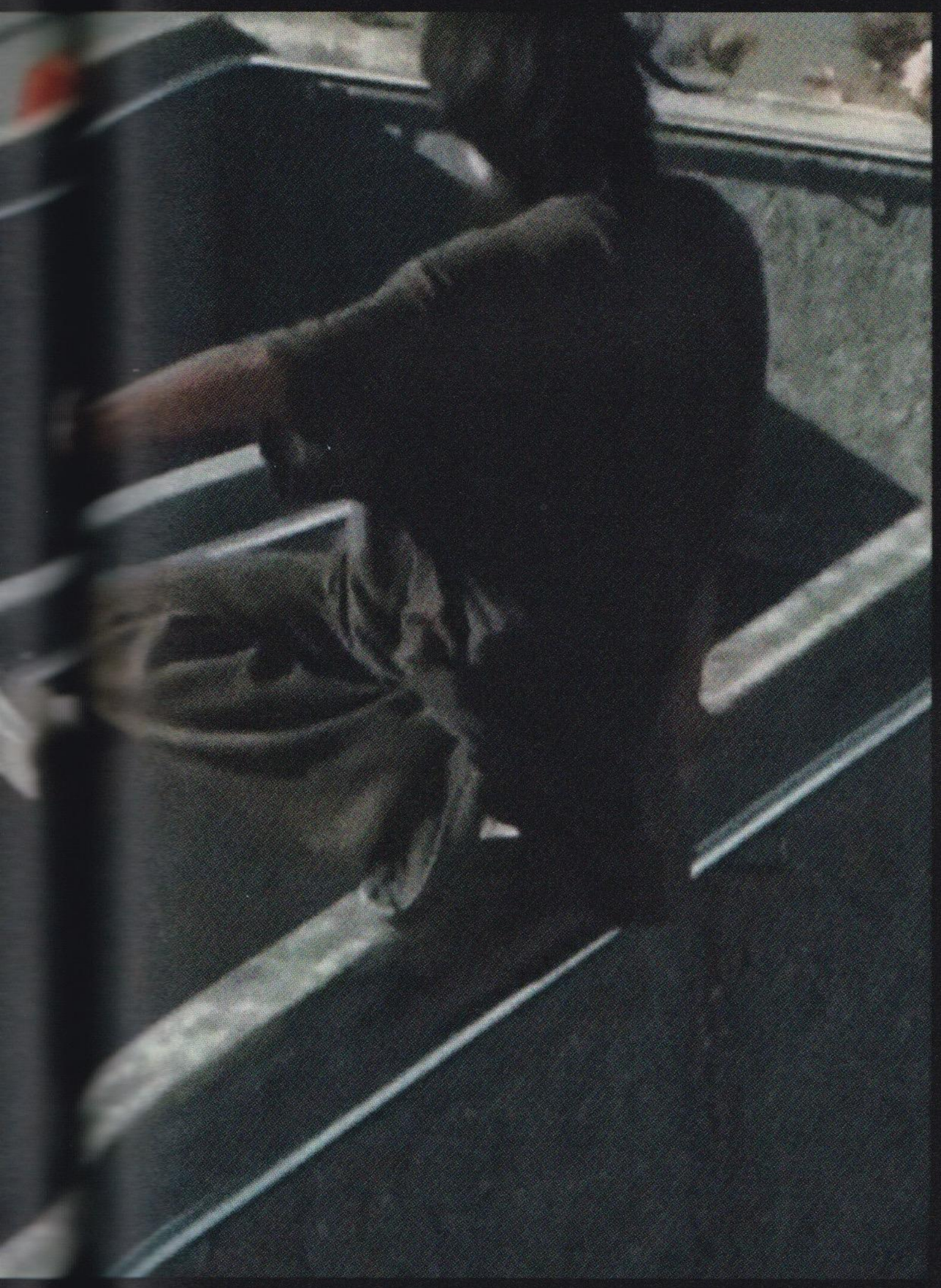
ジャックドドス

3で、沖縄戦の終結から75年を迎えた
起きていたのか、私は数多くの沖縄戦
の話を聞き続けている。
ぶ、今年になって戦場で作られていた新
の元社員の方に話を伺う機会があっ

ば沖縄に住んでいるとき（27年前のこ

Sai also has a very 70s Japanese fashion sense, and it seems as if every outfit he puts together is expressed through each line he records. He's taken the vintage Japanese style and reshaped it to be baggier and better fit to parkour. We were able to connect through clothes and chat about the second-hand stores we both visit on opposite corners of the world. This goes to show how unique and special everything that Sai steps his toes into is.

He also looks up to Pasha Petkuns and the athletes on Spinboys for inspiration with new and innovative movement. This is very obvious when watching him train. Elements from those athletes become apparent in the high skill level displays of parkour and style that audiences are shown. I can state with confidence that Sai will put Okinawa, Japan on the map and that this is what he intends to do. The community cannot wait to see more from Sai Ryunoshin.



STORY @MYLES_ROSS
FEATURED @RYUNOSHIN_SAI_

PHOTO **JACK DODDS** @DODDSFILM

PHOTO **JACK DODDS** @DODDSFILM

CRAZY

DOGS

DIE

GEORGE STARKIE

ING

THROUGHOUT HISTORY,
DEATH HAS ALWAYS BEEN REGARDED AS
A NATURAL PART OF THE LIFE CYCLE.

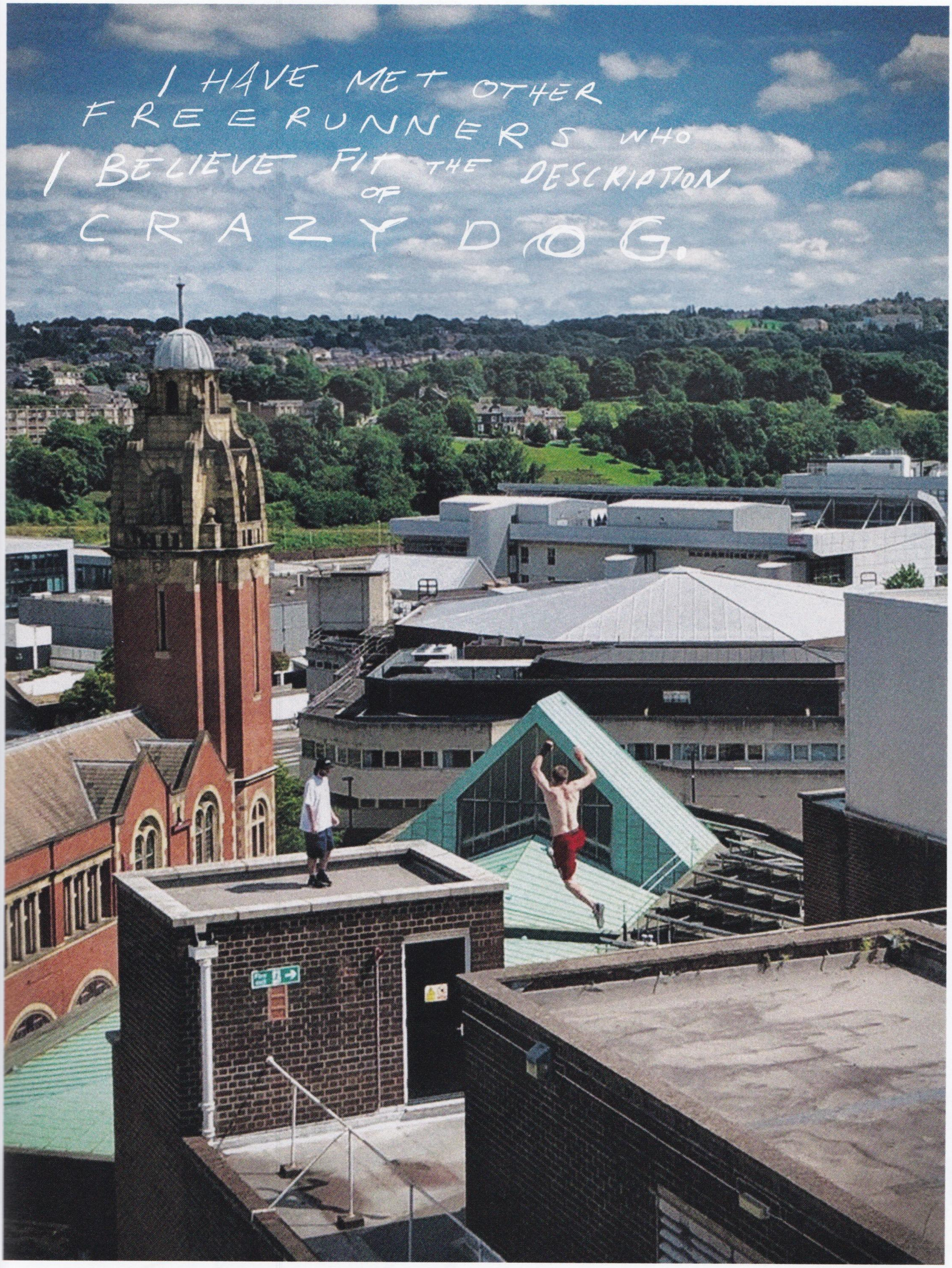
Only recently, viewed through the distorted lens of Western capitalism, has death become detestable. Despite all the attempts to remove death from life, to offer the vision of a safe and ordered world, it is impossible to hide the fact that we live in constant fear of death. There is no place for fear on the rooftops; it is the source of self-doubt, hesitation, and failure. It is only afterward, looking back to appreciate the sizable roof gap I have just leaped across, that I can reflect upon death as it is, without the intrusive influence of fear.

After landing, I am inundated by a flood of feelings and emotions, a natural response to the shift I experience as my entire universe rapidly expands. The tunnel vision, which reduces everything to a narrow path, an obstacle, and a landing, dissipates. I feel the embrace of the hot sun on my back and the fresh sting of several small grazes on my palms from rolling over sharp stones. The pain is good—it reminds me I am alive. Adjacent copper-domed roofs contrast a sky that has never looked so brilliantly clear, and inquisitive pigeons chirp and tilt their heads, studying a stranger who has unexpectedly entered their domain. I am thirsty. It is among these intense feelings of vitality that the first thoughts of death tentatively emerge.

THE PAIN IS GOOD —
IT REMINDS ME
I AM ALIVE.

Perched on an AC unit, gulping water and peeling an orange, there is no place I would rather be than right here in this perfect moment. As usual, this feeling is undermined slightly: would I still appreciate the subtle joys of existence had I not placed myself in the path of potential destruction? I don't know. Parkour is strange like that. It entices you to leave behind the relative safety of the developed world and enter a place where death is no longer repressed. High above, among the glass giants and concrete monoliths, I have learned to thrive off fear.

I am reminded of a tradition practiced by the Crow Tribe that I had once read about. In the transition between adolescence and maturity, many young people become extremely depressed-unable to come to terms with life. If existence became intolerable, it was customary to actively reject it. Vowing death upon themselves and seeking it wherever it could be found. Their audacious disregard for their safety distinguished them as fearsome warriors and curious individuals. Liberated from the customs of society, and honored in death; these figures balanced upon a spiritual razor's edge that I recognize within myself. They were known as 'Crazy-Dogs-Wishing-To-Die.' For obvious reasons, I can't help but smile. There is still something distortedly heroic about it.


I HAVE MET OTHER
FREERUNNERS WHO
I BELIEVE FIT THE DESCRIPTION
OF
CRAZY DOG.

FOR ME.
IT IS THE BRIEF MOMENT,
SUSPENDED AT THE
APEX OF THE JUMP AS I AM WEIGHTLESS
— PERFECTLY BALANCED BETWEEN
LIFE AND DEATH.

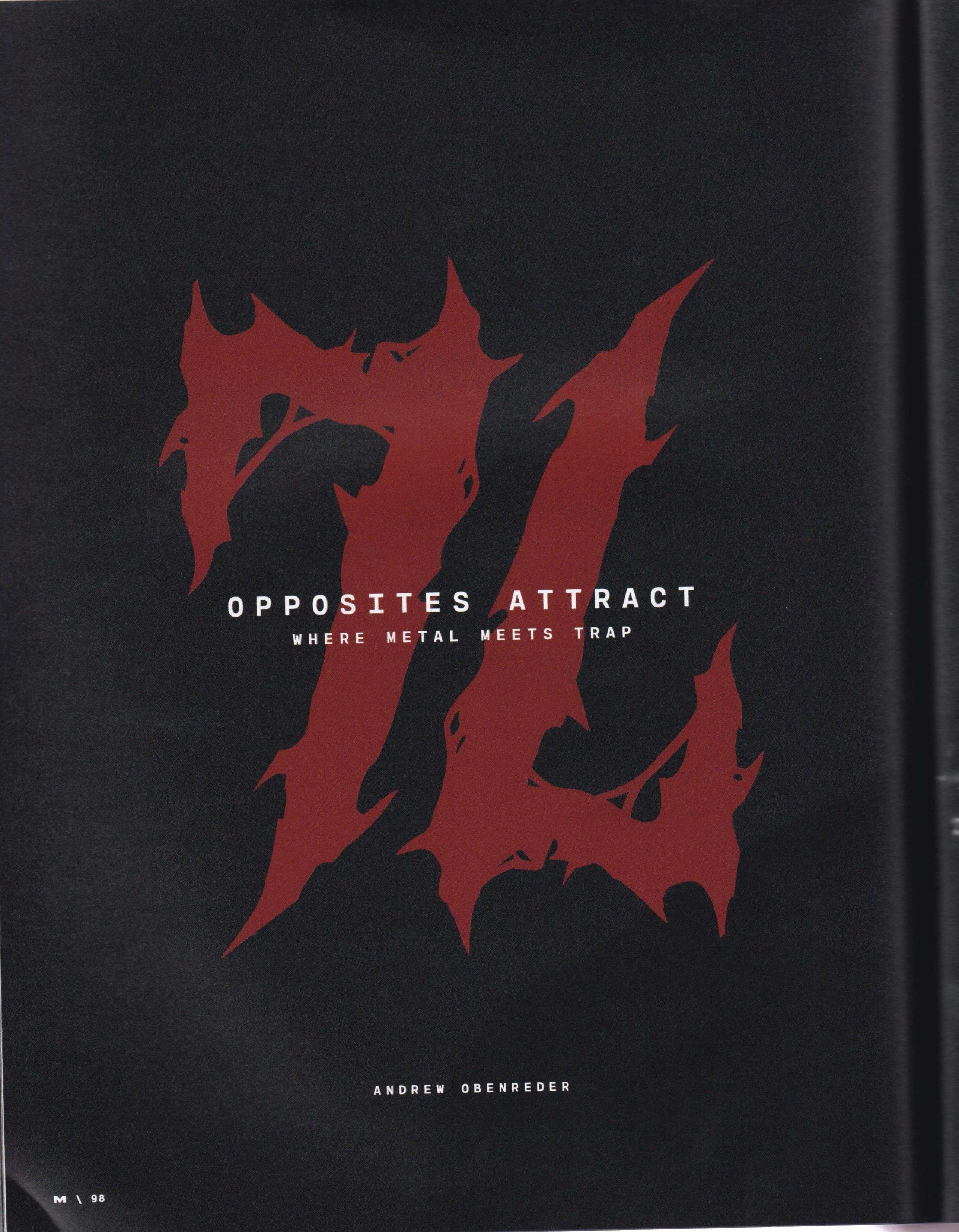
An image springs to mind. A small, flickering lift in the darkness. One of these Crazy Dogs sits huddled around a campfire in the wilderness, reflecting on the choices they have made. I like to think he is searching the star-dappled sky for the same answers that hide in the electric pulse of a million lights radiating from the city. He doesn't seem too crazy to me. I don't know if I will ever understand his pain and motivation, but I can at least sympathize to some extent. In several decades, colonization had uprooted and displaced thousands of years of tradition, leaving fractured communities to try and respond to the pressures of a strange new world to which they no longer belonged. There may seem like there isn't any other option than to submit, but that is not true. Crazy Dogs don't lie down and wait to die, however. They are defined by action.

You can tell by the sharpness of their eyes. They share the clarity of vision, able to see the world for what it truly is. They follow a code of unflinching absolutism to the very end, unwilling to participate or share complicity in the absurd horrors that perpetuate our modern society. Any lifestyle which deviates from the standard norm is certain to be subjected to accusations of naivety or narcissism. But what alternative is there, when the dismal adherence to an ordinary life is not even for the promise of safety, but the semblance of it? Compromise is the first submission to fear. When everything is falling apart, surely an honest existence can only be achieved through complete and total negation.

Vows of death only lasted a single warring season, and any Dog who managed to survive was permitted to return to the tribe unless they wished to retake the oath. It becomes clear to me that similarly to parkour, death was never the goal, but rather a means of attaining some abstract ideal; it is different for everyone and impossible to comprehensively vocalize. For me, it is the brief moment, suspended at the apex of the jump as I am weightless—perfectly balanced between life and death. I am forced to chase down this feeling to the very edges of life because any other form of existence is intolerable, but I am starting to see the limits of this pursuit. The world we live in is cruel and unforgiving. A sense of futility pushes the best of us into these dangerous lifestyles, prioritizing the self over a society that cannot be redeemed. The world continues to be intolerant and hateful because the best of us, those unafraid to act, are all dead. One day my season will end, and I will have to choose to give up the life of a crazy dog or follow this lifestyle to its tragic conclusion. Perhaps it is time to stop running away.

I take one last look at the city before I climb down the roof hatch to street level, hoping that this image will etch itself into my mind. It is better than a photograph even though the image always fades, sooner or later. Once again, I must surrender myself to the bustling crowds, a sea of nondescript faces rushing about. It's funny. These people are completely blind to the magical wonders of life that are constantly taking place all around them. There is a reason we call them muggles.

DOESN'T SEEM TOO CRAZY TO ME.



OPPOSITES ATTRACT

WHERE METAL MEETS TRAP

ANDREW OBENREDER

Who are you as a parkour practitioner and as an artist?

My name is Aaron Burns, and as an artist, I'm 7LOW. I started training in 2006, and traveled around the world training and teaching. Currently, I'm at a gym called Elite Tumbling—that's where I have my parkour program, which has been running for six years now, and I teach some pop-up workshops as well. And besides that, I am a performer on the Milwaukee Bucks performance team. Been in the game a long time.

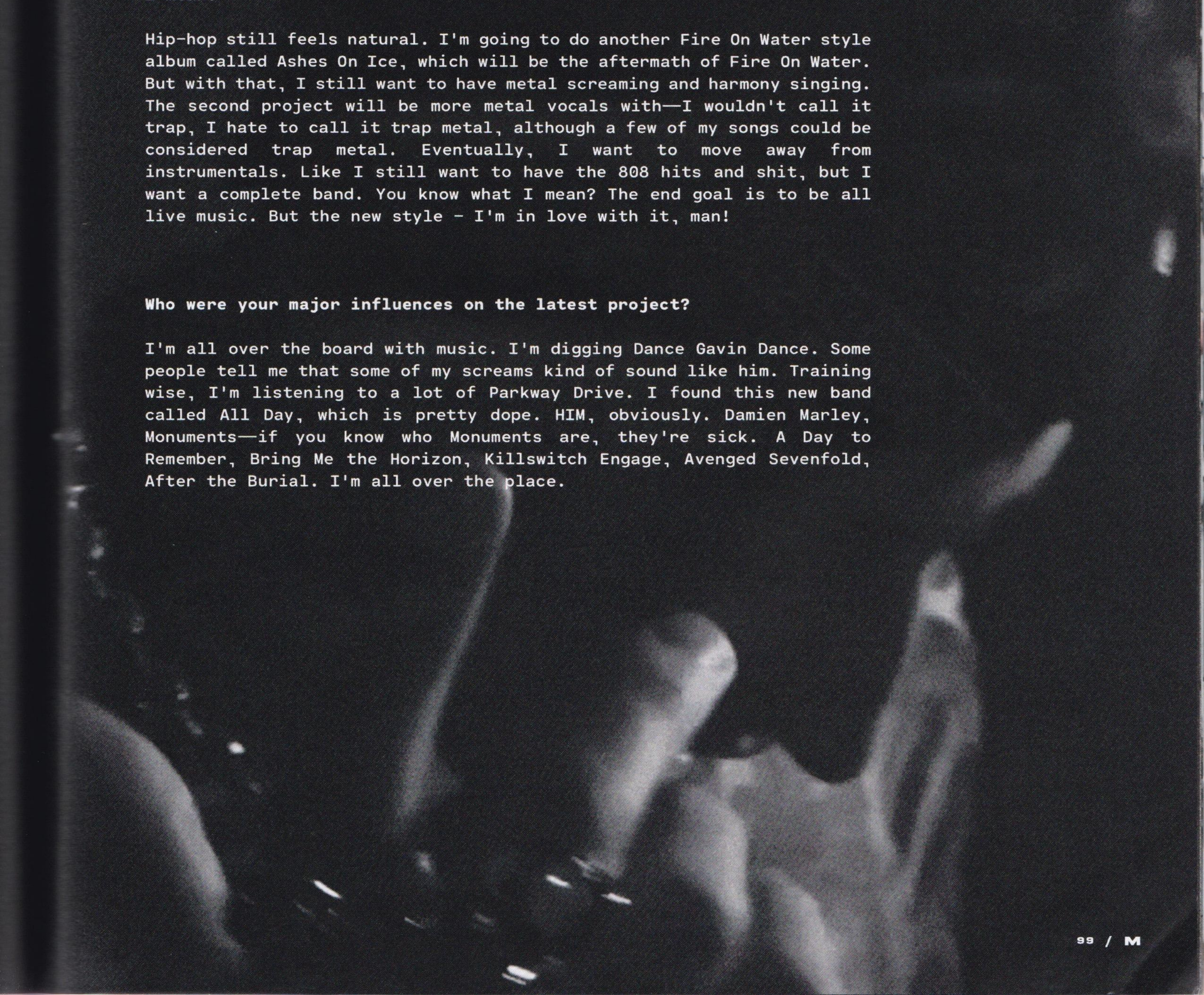
What inspired your current sound and your shift from the hip-hop and pop sound of your previous work?

I wanted to do metal music my whole life. Growing up, my brother always played guitar, and I had a drum set when I was younger, so I was always into metal, rock, alternative, and all that kind of stuff. There's something about it that seems more real to me when the emotional side comes out. I can still obviously share emotion through hip-hop, but it's a little different of a feeling—it feels more involved, you know what I mean?

Hip-hop still feels natural. I'm going to do another Fire On Water style album called Ashes On Ice, which will be the aftermath of Fire On Water. But with that, I still want to have metal screaming and harmony singing. The second project will be more metal vocals with—I wouldn't call it trap, I hate to call it trap metal, although a few of my songs could be considered trap metal. Eventually, I want to move away from instrumentals. Like I still want to have the 808 hits and shit, but I want a complete band. You know what I mean? The end goal is to be all live music. But the new style - I'm in love with it, man!

Who were your major influences on the latest project?

I'm all over the board with music. I'm digging Dance Gavin Dance. Some people tell me that some of my screams kind of sound like him. Training wise, I'm listening to a lot of Parkway Drive. I found this new band called All Day, which is pretty dope. HIM, obviously. Damien Marley, Monuments—if you know who Monuments are, they're sick. A Day to Remember, Bring Me the Horizon, Killswitch Engage, Avenged Sevenfold, After the Burial. I'm all over the place.



Wake Up, Take Over, and Own Enemy had a sound of their own, and truly stood out from the rest of the album because the vocals had a post-hardcore/metalcore lean to them. Was there a reason you went for a heavier sound and feeling with these and more of a pop-punk sound with the others?

It was just how I heard the music. Dude, Wake Up-when I wrote that shit, I cried. It meant that much to me. With people—mainly I was just thinking about my family honestly. Like my mom is eventually going to die, and when I think about it, she never got to live out the things she wanted to do in life. It's kind of like, live your life. Start to do something now before it's too late. Take Over just had that raw feeling and a lot of energy to it. And Own Enemy was definitely influenced by Linkin Park for sure.

Beyond this project, and what you have in the works, is this it for the direction of your music? What's next for 7LOW?

I think this is what I'm going to stick with. The end goal is to have the singing with metal vocals—like melody with metal. If you listen to Wake Up, and there are a couple of others on the album too that I was like, this is the style that I want—you can hear where there is melody behind the screams. So that's definitely the direction.

I know you just released Opposites Attract, but is there an expected timeline for the new albums?

Sometime next year, probably mid next year. I still want to push this—everything is so new, dude. These past two albums were just dropped this year, and I didn't get a chance to perform any of them yet, which is bullshit. But COVID-19 hit—I was so ready to perform the last album. Just day in and day out, just going through-practicing, practicing. Then it hit, and I was like, dude, are you serious right now? So then I made the next album with all of the downtime and got into this new style. But mid next year is most likely when these albums are going to drop.

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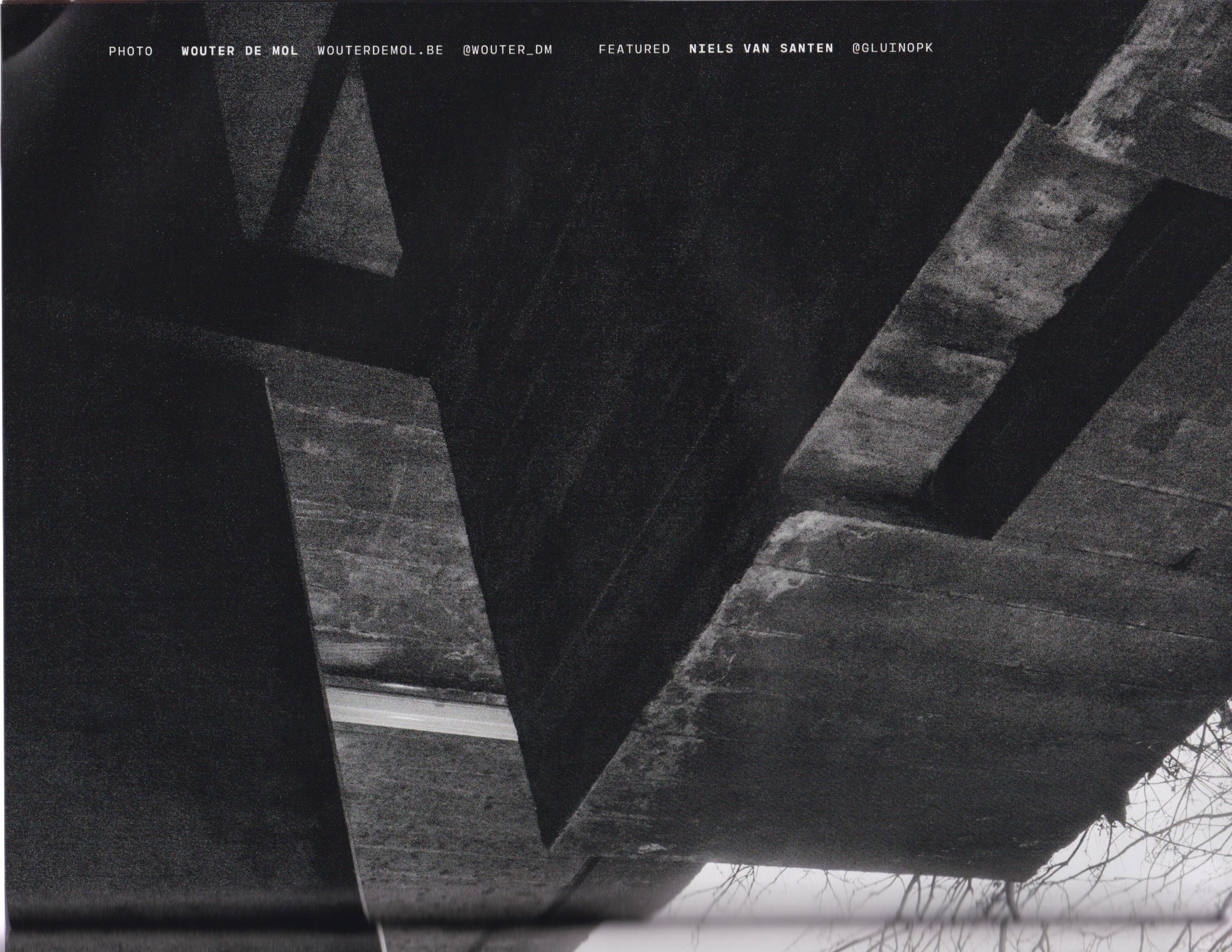

SHANE GRIFFIN
DISCOVER INTERESTING

GETTING A GRIP

PHOTOGRAPHY
SCOTT BASS

Suffolk-born Shane Griffin spent his childhood jumping and climbing through his village, and that love has led him onto screens around the world.

SOMETIMES LIFE IS HARD AND, IT IS OK TO SAY SO.

It was just a split-second, a moment's thought, but it came as I was perched on a roof in Zurich, five stories high, as I looked down at the only route back to the ground. To most people, it would have looked like the glass façade of a modern building. Nothing more than an architectural flourish. But with its horizontal lipped panels, I looked at it differently. I saw an opportunity. To me, it was a ladder. One I had been determined to climb from the moment I saw it.

I noticed the building on my first day in Switzerland, situated across the road from my hotel. And over five days of walking past it, I had done my research; checked the grip, the wind resistance, even trialed it by going halfway up.

And on this cold morning, it was time. The chilly conditions meant less moisture in the air, and therefore more traction. Sheltered from the wind, I had clambered up in a flawless 45 seconds, zipping vertically without pause. So, once at the summit, I knew I had nothing to fear. But as I looked down, knowing that I would be required to transfer from the roof back to the glass before making my descent, I told myself that if I didn't focus here, I could die. It wasn't terror that I felt in that millisecond. Panic is of no use in these moments. Instead, I'd describe it as a sense of heightened awareness. My brain was on high alert. It reinforced my focus. Then my body took control.

Using the techniques I've spent years honing, I climbed down safely. My physical preparation strengthens not only my core but also my belief. It means that when it comes to these climbs, it's not a case of I might be able to grab that ledge—I know that I can.

To prepare my body for such moments, I have a regime that I must maintain. I hang on a bar for 10 minutes without letting go, switching arms every 10 seconds. I go for a one hour run per week, accompanied by several shorter runs. And alongside parkour training every other day, I go bouldering at the gym twice a week, including one session of non-stop climbing for 30 minutes.

Bouldering is a maze of challenges featuring endless routes. Its various holds and grabs can be tackled in many ways, allowing me to learn new techniques. Although I traverse the walls at ground level, it's key that I visualize that I am at a great height. This practice helps me to retain a calm focus that I can apply when I am high up. I guess it's a meditation of sorts. It's imperative that my training involves avoiding fear when climbing. Fear creates the fight or flight reflex, and though this adrenaline response has its uses in life, I find it is less than ideal while clinging on at a hundred feet in the air.

My training allows me to explore those areas of struggle and fatigue and to strengthen my body to be reactive in those moments when I might need it most. Slipping happens on the climbing wall, though falls are rare. On occasions when I have taken a tumble, it forces me to think deeply and analyze why I did it. How did I lose control?

Learning from every mistake is key to being a better climber because, at height, there isn't much room for error. That said, my control manifests itself in other ways too. I tell myself that I wouldn't do a climb with real consequences. If there's a chance I may fall climbing outside, I have to know that I am going to survive it. This may explain the pause I felt while on the roof in Zurich. It's a feeling I never had before or since.

In the end, I convinced myself that it proved no different from any other climb I've done. My mindset drives me to acknowledge that every climb is as defining as the next, so I apply the same way of thinking to them all. That mindset allows me to live a life of absolute control.

ON ASCENT 2
AMPISOUND
WATCH ON YOUTUBE

ALTHOUGH I TRAVERSE THE WALLS AT GROUND LEVEL, IT'S KEY THAT I VISUALIZE THAT I AM AT A GREAT HEIGHT.

I discovered my love for this discipline way before a name for it even existed. Back when I was just a kid, the terms parkour and freerunning meant nothing to me as I jumped, bounded, and capered my way through the small village of Hoo with my older brother Shamus. Shamus was an inspiration to me—older, better, stronger, smarter. But this made me hungry to be better and one day inspire him in return.

We just did what most kids do, exploring and finding fun in the simplest and purest ways. Our exploration came in the form of climbing. I remember climbing on our school building, trying to find new and more daring challenges. It has always been second nature for me to explore a new place by ascending it, feeling it from a physical standpoint, and then mentally working out how I could conquer these places. Executing those visions remains one of the most fulfilling things about what I do.

I had some troubled times growing up, and my family didn't have much money. But climbing and movement gave me something money can't buy. It made me happy, I felt free, and it gave me areas for self-development. It gave me passions that are inexpensive and raw.

As I got older, I became determined to put all of this training and passion into something tangible—to earn from my talents. I coached freerunning for years while working as a landscape gardener before a chance encounter at a parkour competition handed me the chance of an audition for Marvel Studios. They had been seeking athletes to help out on a film they were making. I remember the audition like it was yesterday. I had to do a 30-second showcase of my skills and read some dialogue to the camera.

A month later, I had a call from Marvel offering me the role of parkour consultant, helping to train the actors and incorporating parkour elements into the film. I would be paid more than I ever had before for a job I would have happily done for free. I felt a pang of emotion the moment I put the phone down. I had achieved something with the skills I had built up over the years. I felt enormous pride at having forged my path.

September 22, 2015, was my first day on the set of Doctor Strange, starring Benedict Cumberbatch, Chiwetel Ejiofor, Rachel McAdams, and Tilda Swinton. It proved to be a birthday I would never forget.

It was the break I'd been after, and the work kept coming. I was offered the chance to become a course tester for Ninja Warrior UK. Hired by The ATS Team, a global production company behind most obstacle-based shows on TV. I vividly remember my first day on set.

As the crew was doing camera rehearsals, they asked the room who wanted to try the course first. Without hesitation, I volunteered. I felt ready to lead the way and knew I'd be capable of completing the challenges. I tackled them exactly how I wanted to, with precision and composure. I didn't fear falling, but looking back, I wonder how my path might have changed had I fallen on the first obstacle. But I didn't. I had successfully taken control.

Less than five years on, I have worked on films including The Darkest Hour with Gary Oldman and Steven Spielberg's Ready Player One, along with dozens of Ninja Warrior shows worldwide. I feel incredibly fortunate to be a part of these projects, engaging my passion, and doing things that I would wish to do even if money was no object.

As much as my career has been one carved by my dedication, it has certainly not been without the help and inspiration of others I met along the way. To stay focused and in control often requires a fresh perspective, a new way of looking at life. It's not always possible to see for yourself the areas where you need to improve and refine. Sometimes, it takes someone special to do that for you.

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For me, that person was Travis McDaniel, who I met on the set of Ninja Warrior. Little did I know that he would become one of my biggest inspirations and a driving force in my life. He was an affirmation for why I do what I do and how I live. In the years I was fortunate to know him, he made me a better man and made me want to be the best I could be physically and mentally.

If getting my first film showed me the path, then it was Travis who showed me the planet. He took me lead rock climbing outside for the first time, showing me the true beauty of climbing and nature. We traveled the world together, from ice climbing in Iceland to sitting under the night's sky in Arizona, laughing about working with Spielberg. We packed in what feels like a lifetime of adventures that I'll never forget. I feel like I live in his honor.

Travis owned The ATS Team, for whom I continue to work. His vision and drive saw the company transform from a canyoneering tour company into the global entertainment specialists they are today—allowing people like me to proudly earn a living from what they love.

He helped me blossom and have discipline in my life. Given the efforts I go to in order to train my body and focus my mindset, he taught me to be confident that what I do isn't crazy. It's simply me living a life of my choosing. A life being in sync of body and mind. My way of being in control.

STORY **@SHANEPARKOUR @DISCOVERINTERESTING**
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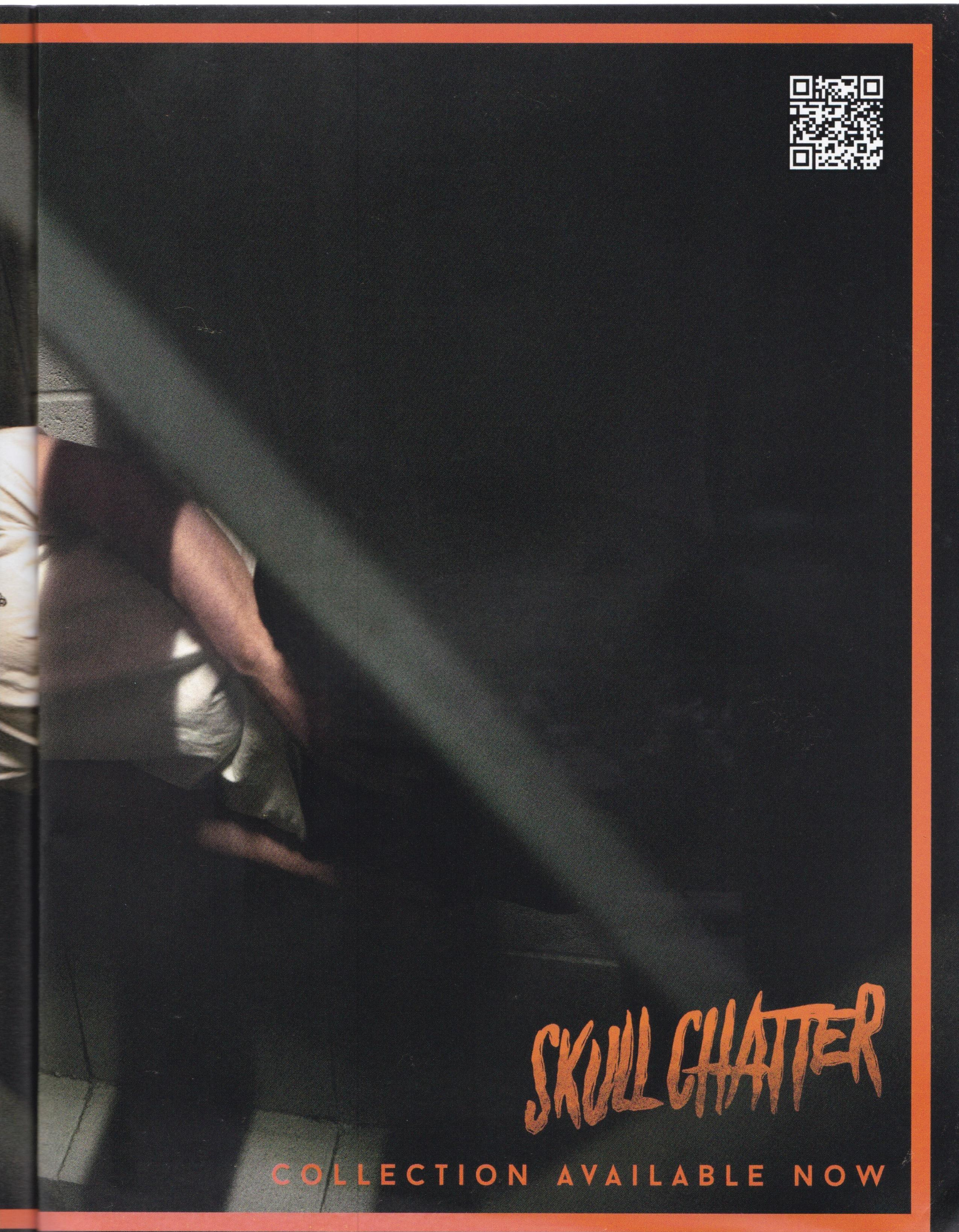
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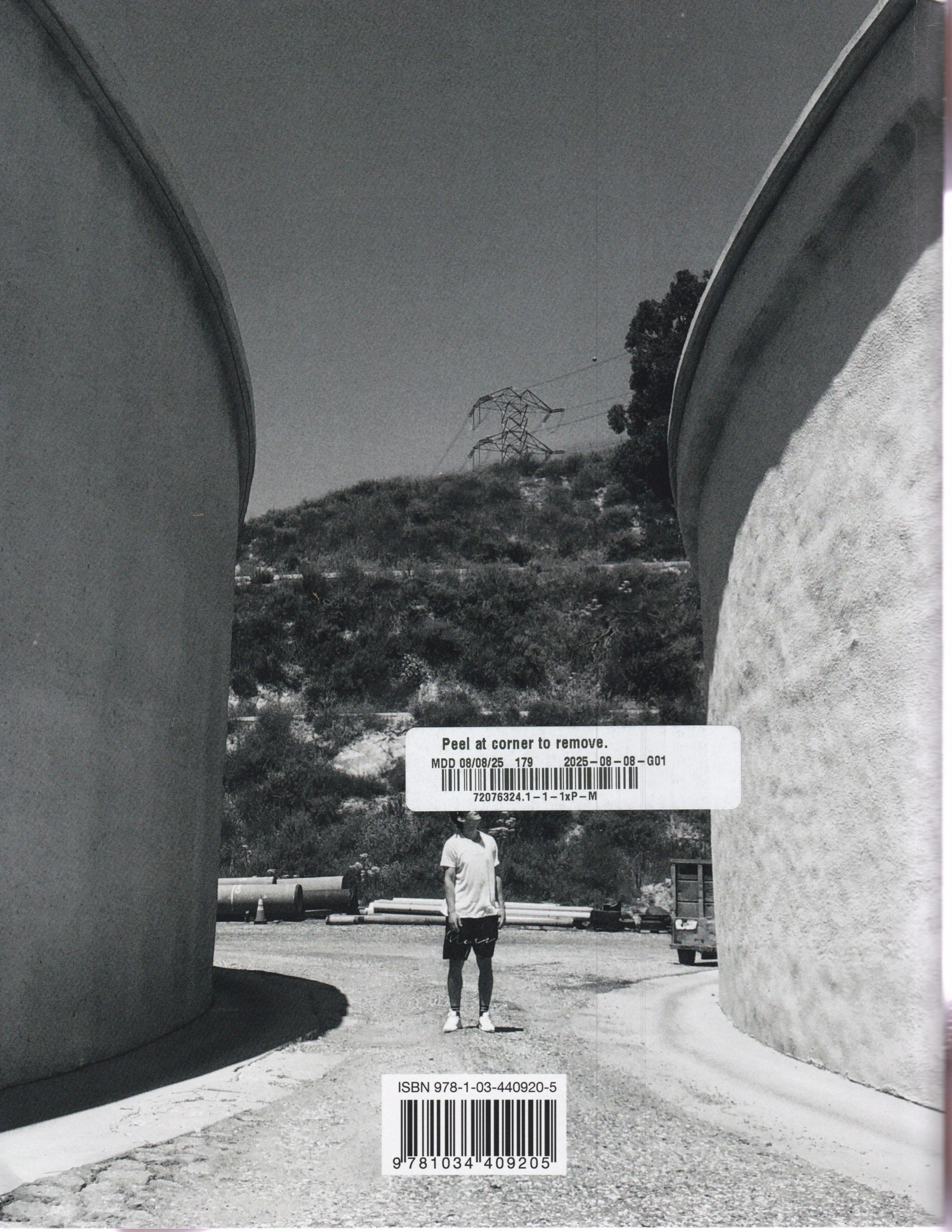

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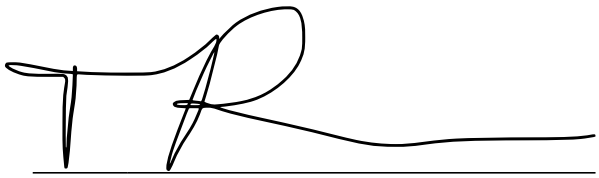

signed by: Trystan Puckhaber
CEO and Board Representative
10/17/2025